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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations has opened at Geneva in a businesslike spirit. The constructive work of the League is developing so rapidly that, as Professor Webster reports on another page, the Secretariat has neither time nor inclination to arrange a spectacular programme; and if no Corfu incident is sprung upon the assembled nations, they are likely to be occupied throughout by useful, humdrum business. The Council, which is also holding a Session at Geneva, has, however, the peculiarly thorny question of Mosul still on its hands. Mr. Amery has formally, on behalf of the British Government, undertaken that, if Mosul is awarded to Iraq, the mandate will be carried on until the country is strong enough to defend itself, though he would not commit himself to the twenty-five years indicated in the Commission's Report. He has also intimated to the journalists at Geneva that if the frontier is placed so far South as to increase our military responsibilities, the British Government will be obliged to reconsider the position. This second intimation weakens to some extent the renewed assurance given by Mr. Amery that Britain will loyally accept the decision of the Council, whatever it may be, and further, somewhat weakens the Government's case before British public opinion. If our obligations to the League and to Iraq itself do not bind us irrevocably to defend the latter in all circumstances, it will be difficult to justify the provisional acceptance of an extended mandatory period.

For reasons which we expressed at length a fortnight ago, we view this decision of the Government with grave misgiving. The Mesopotamian commitment is one of the most dangerous legacies which the British people have inherited from the war. But, prior to Mr. Amery's declaration, the position was that our special responsibilities would terminate in 1928; and, though it might not have proved easy to adhere to this time-table, with a clear conscience that Iraq would live happily ever afterwards, we could at least have done so without any breach of trust. The effect of Mr. Amery's declaration is that we have now assumed for an indefinite period the obligation of protecting Iraq against Turkish irredentist

ambitions, which will be inflamed to a dangerous degree, if Mosul is awarded to Iraq. If we were really prepared as a people to take that obligation seriously and to make it good, we agree that the cause of civilization in the Near East might be best served along the lines proposed. But it is just here that we feel misgiving. The British people (as the Chanak incident showed) is in no mood to support the Government in warlike operations on a large scale in distant quarters of the globe; and it is in no mood to tolerate expensive precautionary measures. Has the Government reckoned with the current trend of British opinion, and the Turkish knowledge of it, before making its decision?

* * *

Meanwhile, the League Council has referred the Mosul question to a Committee consisting of the representatives of Sweden, Spain, and Uruguay. It will presumably be part of the duty of this Committee to decide how far the Council ought to be influenced by Turkey's legal claim to Mosul, which was uncompromisingly upheld by the Commission—unless, indeed, it is thought desirable to seek the opinion of the International Court on this point. In any case, the main business of the Committee will be to find a solution not intolerable to either party. It is widely anticipated, at least in British circles, that the final ruling will give Mosul to Iraq up to the Brussels line but no further. This plan would have one very concrete advantage; it would make it unnecessary to oblige the Turks to withdraw their troops from the zone they now occupy to the south of the gorges in the Armenian Taurus. The British contention about the Assyrian Christians will most probably be rejected; and it would certainly be better that the interests of this brave and turbulent people should be safeguarded by a direct arrangement between the League and Turkey than by a frontier rectification. But it is quite on the cards that the Council may plump for the alternative indicated by the Commission, of partition along the Lesser Zab. If the actual town of Mosul is awarded to the Turks their *amour propre* will be saved and the chances of a peaceful settlement increased, at the cost of creating an unsatisfactory strategic frontier.

A complicating factor in the situation is that the Turkish pledge to accept the League's decision, which has been much emphasized lately, was by no means so categorical as that given by Britain. The operative clause in the Lausanne Treaty runs as follows:—

"The frontier between Turkey and Iraq shall be laid down in friendly arrangement to be concluded between Turkey and Great Britain within nine months.

"In the event of no agreement being reached between the two Governments within the time mentioned, the dispute shall be referred to the Council of the League of Nations.

"The Turkish and British Governments reciprocally undertake that, pending the decision to be reached on the subject of the frontier, no military or other movement shall take place which might modify in any way the present state of the territories of which the final fate will depend upon that decision."

* * *

At this time last year, however, Lord Parmoor gave a definite pledge on behalf of the British Government to accept the Council's award. The Turkish representative was pressed to give a like pledge, but would only acknowledge "the authority of the Council under Article XV. of the Covenant." This, of course, would only pledge the Turks not to "go to war with any party to the dispute which complies with the recommendations of the report." Subsequently, the Turkish representative was persuaded by M. Branting to say that his declaration did not differ in spirit from that of Lord Parmoor, and with this the Council had to be content. It is fair to say that Turkey is honourably committed by these conversations to accept the award, but it is an unfortunate fact that we have neither the written nor even the spoken word of her representatives to that effect. Turkey's refusal to accept the Council's decision would create an awkward situation, apart from the possibility of actual hostilities. For the Commission has found that Mosul legally belongs to her, and it is, therefore, not easy to see how the Council can properly dispose of it, without her formal consent.

* * *

The Admiralty have, of course, an excellent case for reducing the Rosyth and Pembroke dockyards to a reserve basis and placing them in charge of care and maintenance parties. Government dockyards should obviously be maintained on a scale proportionate to the amount of building and repair work which is in hand; and the yards at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Devonport, with the private yards at the Tyne and the Clyde, ought to suffice for the cruiser and destroyer programmes of the next few years, and the capital ship replacement allowed for by the Washington Treaty. The Admiralty ought, however, to give far more information upon the matter. They have only mentioned the dockyards, and have not said whether Rosyth and Pembroke are to be maintained as defended anchorages. This is a very relevant point, in that it belongs to a group of questions which are little understood or discussed and which may, at any moment, provoke supplementary estimates and panic expenditure. The Admiralty and War Office ought not to be allowed to continue their policy of partial explanations, given only to divert attention from bigger problems. At present discussions upon the Admiralty's doings are too much like a hunt in which the fox's earths have not been stopped. Even on the immediate issue the official explanation only presents one side of the case. In reality, Pembroke and Rosyth are being reduced because the Admiralty are willing to make almost any sacrifice on behalf of the Singapore programme. The economy is far more a stepping-stone to expenditure for an objectionable purpose than a saving to the national Exchequer.

The Trades Union Congress opened with a fiery speech by the President, Mr. A. B. Swales, in which he exhorted the workers to follow the "beacon-light" of Russia and Mexico and to "shake off the shackles of wage slavery." But the keynote of this year's Congress has been one of hostility between the industrial and the political sides of the Labour Movement rather than one of antagonism to "Capitalism." In the main, considering that many of the leading Labour politicians are not Trade Unionists, and have therefore no right to attend the Congress, the political wing came off well. The proposal to give greatly extended powers to the General Council with a view to facilitating a general strike was "referred back" for further consideration in conjunction with the Union Executives; and a scheme for the gradual amalgamation of all the Unions into one big Union was heavily defeated. On the other hand, the General Council of the Trades Union Congress is to be allowed extended premises and a research department of its own; a step which may have the important effect of removing its organizers from the influence of those who instruct the Labour Party from Eccleston Square. This is presumably the main object of the proposal, for the experience of a Labour Government has convinced many Trade Unionists of the fundamental fact that no Government can act single-mindedly as the political wing of an industrial organization.

* * *

The Coal Commission has at last been appointed. It consists of four members—Sir Herbert Samuel (Chairman), Sir William Beveridge, General Sir Herbert Lawrence, and Mr. Kenneth Lee—with the following expert assessors: Mr. William Brace, Chief Labour Adviser to the Mines Department; Dr. Walcot Gibson, F.R.S.; Major H. M. Hudspeth, a Divisional Inspector of Mines; and Dr. C. H. Lander, Director of the Fuel Research Department. We comment elsewhere in this issue on the composition of the Commission and its formidable task. The statistics of the Coal-mining Industry for the three months, April, May, and June, which have just been published by the Mines Department, show an average loss of nearly one shilling per ton in those months. This enables us to form a rather more precise estimate of the cost of the subsidy for August which seems likely to be in the neighbourhood of £1,700,000. At this rate the total subsidy already promised would work out at about £15,000,000. As we indicated last week, however, the course of the coal market during August was decidedly unfavourable. A marked improvement in later months will therefore be necessary if the total cost to the Exchequer is not to exceed £15,000,000 by next May.

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The Seamen's strike is not proving very effective at the home ports. Even at Southampton, where the Marine Workers' Union is strong, the White Star liner "Olympic" was able to leave the docks at the appointed time. It is reported that the Marine Workers' Union have sought advice as to the legality under the Merchant Shipping Act of reducing pay during a voyage, and have been professionally advised to raise the matter in the Courts. Meanwhile, a complete deadlock is reported from South Africa, and serious anxiety is felt in the fruit trade, though the "Roman Star" has managed to sail from Capetown with 15,000,000 oranges. In the Australian ports the strikers are being arrested in considerable numbers and sentenced to terms of imprisonment for disobeying orders. It is an awkward feature of the situation that effective negotiations can only take place in Great Britain, where both owners and men have their headquarters, though it is in Dominion ports

that the strike has assumed serious proportions. In South Africa especially there is a feeling of exasperation at the loss occasioned by a dispute which did not originate and cannot be settled there.

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The wisdom of the present Franco-Spanish assault upon the Riff is more than doubtful; but, as nothing more will be heard of peace negotiations until it is over, it is important to be quite clear about the military objects of the general offensive which has just begun. The negotiations at Madrid seem to have had the object of setting up a more or less continuous Franco-Spanish front from the Primo de Rivera line to the Wergha. The military intelligence in the hands of the French and Spanish staffs is to be pooled and co-operative action taken upon it. The chief military responsibilities are, however, to fall upon the French: the Spaniards are to assist them, where needed, by diversions and containing movements. The main objects of the campaign are: (1) To drive the Rifis into the tangle of mountains to the north of the Wergha valley; (2) to carry Ajdir with the Spanish expeditionary force recently landed at Alhucemas Bay. If these two things can be done, it is doubtless hoped that Abd-el-Krim, crippled by the loss of an important granary and a political centre, will spend a bad winter and come to terms in the spring. That the campaign is feasible is shown by the fact that Marshal Petain advised it, and that General Primo de Rivera agreed to co-operate in it: neither is a soldier of the "offensif à outrance" school. It is, however, equally clear that though the French and Spanish troops are not likely to meet with a serious reverse, they may very well be checked. Abd-el-Krim is showing fine generalship—his counter-attack in the Jabala is well conceived; and, above all, *In bello fortuna multum potest*. At the present moment we must be content to realize that the general offensive has put the political situation into the melting-pot; and no settlement is possible until the military position clears.

* * *

A most complicated party situation exists in Canada for the general election which Mr. Mackenzie King has fixed for October 29th. The Liberal Government has lasted four years—rather surprisingly, for Mr. King was compelled to maintain the balance between the Progressivism of the Western provinces and the traditionalism of Quebec, which in politics carries the Liberal label. The main issues of the election are tariffs, immigration, transport, and the constitution of the Dominion Senate; and among these the question of the Canadian National Railways and their relation to the Canadian Pacific will certainly be important in more than one province. It is evident that the supporters of Mr. Mackenzie King are entering the contest with less confidence than they felt a few months ago, when the general forecast was that the Administration—which, by-the-by, has been greatly changed on the eve of the election—might count upon a second term of office. Recently, however, the Eastern provinces have shown signs of change, and from the Atlantic to the Lakes Mr. King may expect to be confronted by the unhappy reactions from the United States tariff.

* * *

The latest outburst of disorder at Shanghai comes at a very bad moment, and is the more deplorable in that it seems to have been the direct outcome of the delays and tergiversations which have marked the progress of all inquiries into the original riot. The incident is particularly regrettable in that it has occurred just when the Note of the Powers had done much to clear

the situation. The Note itself calls for no comment, as the Powers, through their representatives, have said just what they were expected to say, and have agreed to a conference to discuss all questions which have provoked the recent disorders and agitations. The guarantees to be given by China in return for concessions on the part of the Powers will naturally be the cardinal problem before the conference; and no solution of it will be possible unless the Chinese delegation is made representative of Peking and the provinces, a very difficult matter to arrange. It is very important that the disagreement between the American and Japanese Governments about the wireless concessions to the Federal and Mitsui wireless companies should not shake the unanimity with which the Powers are now acting.

* * *

The Tariff Amendments Bill introduced by the Australian Government is well worth study by the advocates of Protection and Imperial Preference. Certain concessions are made to British manufacturers; unassembled motor chassis and cinematograph films of British origin are to be imported duty free; on a large range of articles the British preference is increased, notably in respect of galvanized iron sheets (90 per cent. of which already come from Great Britain). But the actual duty on imported British mining machinery is increased from 25½ to 40 per cent.; on other machines and machinery from 27½ to 45 per cent.; on locomotives from 27½ to 40; on woollen yarns from 10 to 20; on woollen piece goods from 30 to 35; on toys from 25 to 30; on overcoats and suits, blouses containing wool, and knitted goods (wool and silk) from 40 to 45; on woollen socks and stockings from 35 to 45 per cent. Of goods hitherto admitted free of duty, towelling in piece is to pay 20 per cent.; screws 27½ per cent.; silk yarns 20 per cent.; sewing cottons 25 per cent. Will it really comfort British manufacturers to know that foreign products pay even more? Would Australian producers welcome a similar tariff on Australian products, in place of their present free access to the British markets? And will the "temporarily increased prices" of these essential articles, contemplated by the Australian Government, really be compensated, from the consumers' point of view, by the abolition of duties on British clocks and watches, jewellery, and liquid rennet? From the point of view of British trade, it is not very comforting to know that iron and steel have still to be considered.

* * *

It is quite clear that the case of Prince Ahmed Siefeddin must be made the subject of a thorough inquiry, and not only because of the suspicions attached to his escape from the institution in Sussex. We do not know whether Mr. MacDonald, in his readiness to consider the Prince's release last year, had any reason to think that the grounds for his detention were insufficient; but in any case the British public will feel that a private retreat in England is not the proper place for a member of a royal house whom the Egyptian Government may wish to have kept in safety. There is a useful coincidence in the fact that, while this affair of the Egyptian prince is in the papers, Mr. Edward Smith's grave statements, at the Equal Citizenship Summer School, as to the continued barbarity of the methods employed in private asylums should have been given widespread publicity. Of course the statements were denied: very emphatically by one semi-official person, who said that in fifty years of inspection he had never heard of a case of flogging. Mr. Smith will ask for no better proof of his assertion that the inspection of private institutions is inadequate.

THE COAL COMMISSION AND ITS PROBLEM

THE Government has fairly made good its promise to select for the Coal Commission a small body of able and disinterested men. The smallness, we think, has been somewhat overdone. The Commission has an extraordinarily heavy task before it; and it will hardly be possible for a body of four to lighten its labours by splitting up some of its detailed work among sub-committees. With this reservation, the Commission is admirably constituted. It includes, of course, a "capitalist" element, and excludes any Labour element; these, in the circumstances, were inevitable features of a responsible and competent Commission. But it is entirely free from any prevailing bias in favour of the *status quo*. There is probably no other "captain of industry" who has such a radical and adventurous mind as Mr. Kenneth Lee; there is no one less likely than he to accept conventional dogmas at their face value. Sir William Beveridge is one of the very small group of men—Sir Josiah Stamp, Mr. J. M. Keynes, Mr. Layton, Mr. R. H. Brand; it is not easy to extend the list—who combine a really first-rate mastery of economics with a considerable experience of affairs. He has contributed more than any other individual to the shaping of social policy in our generation. He is the real parent of our system of social insurance; and it is perhaps worth observing that the recent creation of that curious new organ of government, the Committee of Civil Research, was almost certainly prompted by his advocacy in these columns of an Economic General Staff. Altogether, the Commission is remarkable for the degree in which it combines intellectual ability and force, varied administrative experience, and—above all—inventive faculty. These are not the men to content themselves with mere negotiations, or to shirk any portion of their almost overwhelming task.

It is an extraordinary paradox that such a body should have been chosen for such a purpose by the present Government. Its function is virtually that of framing the policy of the Cabinet on one of the leading issues of the day—a task which only a sub-committee of the Cabinet can properly discharge. Yet the Commission consists for the most part of men who approach industrial questions from a standpoint which is very different from that of Ministers. None of them is in any marked degree a party politician. But it is perhaps not without significance that Sir Herbert Samuel was for many years a Liberal Cabinet Minister, that Sir William Beveridge is a member of the Liberal Summer School Committee, and that Mr. Kenneth Lee is also a Liberal, who has taken a part in the attempt to work out a progressive industrial policy. There is more than coincidence in this tendency to call in the aid of Liberals, when there is a particularly awkward difficulty: it reflects the fact that despite all appearances Liberalism is still the great nursery of ideas which are at once practical and constructive. It reflects also the lack of self-confidence which is so marked a feature of modern Baldwinian Conservatism.

For, as we have indicated, a fairly drastic and comprehensive scheme of reform is almost certain to emerge from this Commission. The plan will probably comprise many original features, but we shall perhaps not be far out if we assume that it will bear a strong family resemblance to "Coal and Power." It is likely to

comprise, for example, the abolition of the private ownership of royalties, the "judicious" amalgamation of the smaller colliery concerns into larger units, and, above all, the creation of some organ for the general co-ordination of the industry, so that the process of opening up new pits and closing down old ones may be effected with less waste of our supply of skilled mining labour than it entails nowadays. To those who think in terms of "nationalization" or "unification," all this may seem a comparatively tame affair; but it is really anything but that. It will, indeed, be very strong meat for a Conservative Parliament. But the Government, having chosen this particular Commission, must be prepared for something of the kind, and it presumably feels confident that Conservative digestions will stand the strain.

Whatever scheme of reform the Commission recommends, its execution must obviously be a complicated and long-drawn-out affair, and it cannot possibly provide a solution of the immediate wage problem. Indeed, the difficulties of that problem would be multiplied if the Commission were to propound an elaborate scheme of reconstruction and leave matters there. An industry, about to be reorganized, would be in no position to make difficult decisions; while the gulf between Capital and Labour would be widened by divergent and prejudiced estimates of the financial effects of the new arrangements. The Commissioners must necessarily, therefore, address themselves to the immediate wage problem; they must not only devise a scheme of reconstruction, they must frame an emergency policy as well.

What does this imply? In the first place, the Commission can hardly leave the Government without guidance on the question of terminating the subvention. The notion that we shall get rid of the subsidy altogether on May 1st, and preserve industrial peace, is one which only very optimistic persons can entertain. Subsidies are not things which you can give on an enormous scale, and withdraw at a single stroke without disaster. It is essential that any State assistance given after May 1st should be clearly defined in amount, and that provision should be made for its progressive reduction and speedy extinction; but the taxpayer had better not assume that he will escape all further liability next spring. This is a matter on which it will be an essential part of the Commission's duty to report.

But can the Commission avoid the even more delicate task of prescribing the basis on which wages should be paid? The Court of Inquiry found a huge gulf between the "economic wage" which the industry could afford to pay, and the "social wage" which the miner could be asked to accept. As the coal market is now going, the gulf next spring is hardly likely to be less, and the Commission, it would seem, must be ready with suggestions for bridging it, of which the continuance of a limited subsidy cannot form more than a minor part. It is of considerable interest in this connection to recall that Sir William Beveridge avowed himself last year a keen supporter of the "Family Wage" idea, which Miss Eleanor Rathbone by an almost single-handed campaign, entitling her to a place on the honourable roll of great British agitators, has brought within the range of serious political issues. Coal mining, by reason of its clear demarcation from other industries, is a particularly favourable field for the application of this idea. There is no question that a given wages-bill can be made to go much further in meeting human needs and

maintaining the standard of life along the lines of the "Family Wage" than it does at present. Whatever view we may take of this project, when it is advocated as a normal feature of our social system, there is, therefore, an immensely strong case for it as an emergency measure, designed without prejudice to permanent arrangements to tide over a period of abnormal depression for a particular industry. On the other hand, the proposal excites instinctive prejudice; the psychology of the miners is one of the prime factors in the problem; and it might prove in practice more difficult to secure the acceptance of a given reduction in aggregate wages, if it were associated with redistribution in accordance with family needs than if it were not so associated.

We need not enlarge further on these possibilities. We have said enough to indicate the complexity of the Commissioners' problem, and the extraordinary responsibility which rests upon them. The difficulty of their task is greatly increased by the general economic environment. If only the problem were really special to the coal mines! With other unsheltered trades also in a bad way, with deflation suspended over our heads like the sword of Damocles, with every trade union fearing that its position may at any moment be attacked, the atmosphere is not favourable to the calm consideration of unpalatable proposals. The public owes a debt of gratitude to the four men who have accepted in such unfavourable circumstances so onerous a duty.

THE ISSUES OF THE SHIPPING STRIKE

IT is not surprising that the Trades Union Congress has been reluctant to pronounce judgment on the seamen's strike. The strike is quite as much a matter of the domestic politics of the seamen's unions as a wage dispute. The reduction in wages against which a section of the seamen are striking was not an arbitrary act by the employers, but a decision of the National Maritime Board, on which the lower-deck ratings are represented by the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union. So far as members of that Union are participating in the strike, it represents a deliberate repudiation of the action of their Executive. On the part of Mr. Shinwell's organization, the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union, it is first and foremost a challenge to the right of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union to speak for the men as a whole.

Three issues are thus presented: the justice of the reduction, the claims of the rival unions, and the position of the National Maritime Board as a "Whitley Council" for the shipping industry.

The third of these issues is, perhaps, the most important. Prior to the war the shipping industry was practically without any sort of machinery for industrial conciliation. The owners, as a general rule, refused to recognize the Unions; the relations between them and the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union—much the largest of the lower-deck organizations—were acutely hostile, and both sides were openly preparing for a struggle. There was little or no cohesion between the various organizations representing, respectively, the deck officers, the engine-room staffs, and the lower deck.

The two main planks in the seamen's programme at this time were: first, recognition of the Unions; secondly, the establishment of a national standard wage in place of the various port wage rates in vogue. These rates, for an able seaman on monthly articles (all food found

by the shipowner), varied in August, 1914, from 100s. to 110s. per month.

During the war both these points were gained. Towards the end of 1917 the National Maritime Board was set up, under the ægis of the Ministry of Shipping, as a joint council of employers and employed, for the purpose of adjusting and preventing disputes, determining national standard wages and approved conditions for all grades, and regulating the supply of seamen. In 1919 the Board was remodelled on a permanent basis, and on the subsequent dissolution of the Ministry of Shipping it became attached to the Mercantile Marine Department of the Board of Trade.

On the National Maritime Board, as finally constituted, panels of employers, representing the Shipping Federation and Liverpool Employers' Federation, were balanced by panels of equal numbers representing the Masters, Navigation Officers, Engineer Officers, Catering Department, and Sailors and Firemen. The representatives of the Catering Department were appointed by the National Union of Ships' Stewards, Cooks, Butchers, and Bakers. The sailors' and firemen's representatives were appointed by the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union (which also included a good many stewards and cooks, especially on tramp steamers) and the Hull Seamen's Union, a small independent body which acted in general concert with the larger union. Two other smaller unions, the British and Scottish Seafarers' Unions, with their chief influence in Southampton and Glasgow respectively, were not represented. They were on bad terms with the N.S.F.U., and had taken no part in the negotiations with the owners and the Ministry of Shipping. The wages and conditions determined by the Board were, however, applicable to all men in each grade, including non-unionists. Further, it was provided that all crews should be engaged through a Joint Supply System controlled by the Shipping Federation and the N.S.F.U., with a central office for transferring men from ports where there was a surplus of unemployed seamen to ports where there was a deficiency. Under this system the seamen retained the right to choose their ship, and the owners to choose their crews from men on the register kept by the Board of Trade, including both unionists and non-unionists.

The National Maritime Board has worked, on the whole, well and with a remarkable absence of friction. It had the advantage of starting operations at a period of high freights, and throughout 1919 and 1920 wages remained at the top war level of 290s. per month for the able seaman. Taking the mean rate (105s.) of 1914 as 100, this gave an index figure of 276. Even after the great slump had set in, in the summer of 1920, wages remained at this level until June, 1921. Throughout this period the A.B.'s wage index was higher, for a long time very substantially higher, than either the Ministry of Labour's cost-of-living figure or Professor Bowley's index of shore wages.

Meanwhile, freights were falling continuously and rapidly; many shipping companies, formed during the booms of 1915-16 or 1919-20, failed disastrously, and many of the older companies were kept going mainly by the income derived from their invested reserves. The owners' representatives on the Board demanded a reduction in wages, and in June, 1921, a reduction to 240s. was agreed. The slump, however, continued, and by three successive cuts, in March and May, 1922, and May, 1923, the able seaman's wage was reduced to 180s. a month.

Considering that freights on many routes fell during 1922 practically to the level of 1914, there was a strong case for these reductions, and the process of deflation

appears to have been carefully and fairly carried out. It led, however, to considerable discontent, and some defections from the N.S.F.U. Further, the National Union of Ships' Stewards, &c., broke away from the National Board, and subsequently amalgamated with the Seafarers' Union, now merged in the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union. A large section of the stewards, however, remained as members of the N.S.F.U.

Mr. Havelock Wilson, the President and the dominant figure of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, is unique among Trade Union leaders. With a Jingo-Conservative type of mind and a contempt for Socialistic ideas, he can consort more happily with ship-owners and their representatives than with the prominent members of the Labour Movement. He it was who used the machinery of his Union to prevent Mr. Ramsay MacDonald from attending a pacifist conference at Stockholm during the war; an action which probably endeared him to the average shipowner as much as it alienated the average Labour politician. His methods of transacting business are as irregular as his political opinions, and many a crisis in the shipping industry is said to have been settled at a champagne lunch. He is accused of ignoring or evading the result of a strike ballot, and he certainly utilized the good relations which he had established with the owners to crush out a rival union, and force the stewards and cooks into his own organization. It is absurd, however, to suggest that Mr. Wilson has in any way betrayed or given away the interests of the seamen. On the contrary, it is certain that his peculiar methods have won for them the best terms possible, without any of those strikes and lockouts that have proved so ruinous to both sides in other industries. The trouble is that such methods inevitably create a distrust, which cannot be permanently allayed by the charm of eccentric personality.

With a faint hope of recovery in the freight markets last year, the demand for an improvement in wages became very strong, and was strongly urged by Mr. Wilson and the seamen's representatives on the Board. The owners professed themselves less optimistic; but with the avowed object of averting any risk of a break-up of the Board, they agreed to raise the wages by two instalments to 200s., on the distinct understanding that, if the anticipated improvement did not materialize, the advance should be withdrawn. Since then freights have again fallen, and now stand, on the average, very little above the 1914 level, while the amount of laid-up tonnage has increased. The owners accordingly demanded a return to the wages of June, 1924, promising that the £1 a month conceded during that year should be restored as soon as conditions improved. The seamen's representatives agreed, and the unofficial strike is a protest against their action. The Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union have backed the strike with the additional object of securing separate recognition for their own organization, which is said to number 8,000 members, against 60,000 of the N.S.F.U.

Considering the intensity of international competition in the shipping industry, and the present condition of that most unsheltered industry, with freights little above the 1914 level, hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping laid up, a large number of seamen unemployed, and most owners lucky if they can cover expenses, the strike appears to be singularly ill-timed. Even at £9 a month, the British seamen's wage represents an increase of 71 per cent. on pre-war money wages, and while slightly below the general wage index, is approximately equal to the cost-of-living increase. It is higher—in most instances sub-

stantially higher—than the sterling value of wages in any other mercantile marine except the American and Australian, where the long-distance services are largely composed of State-owned ships, run at a heavy loss.

The dispute raises an awkward dilemma for trade unionism. Mr. Havelock Wilson is not altogether a popular figure, for the reasons already indicated. On the other hand, a repudiation of the findings of the National Maritime Board would strike a heavy blow at the principle of collective bargaining, and the policy of absorption pursued by the N.S.F.U. is quite in accordance with the one-big-union theory so popular to-day. Efforts had, in fact, been made, under the auspices of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, to procure an amalgamation of the A.M.W. and the N.S.F.U.; but these efforts broke down, largely on personal questions, and the strike will certainly not facilitate their revival.

From the point of view of the real interests of the seamen there is little doubt that any big extension of the strike would be a disaster. They had to fight long and hard to secure recognition, and the principle of the national wage. The National Maritime Board has brought about a great change in their relations with the owners, and has been the instrument of many improvements in their conditions. Its machinery unquestionably presents the best security for a more favourable readjustment of wages when conditions permit. Its break-up would imperil the whole gains of the past. Its constitution may be capable of improvement; but a successful strike against a decision accepted by both sides of the Board would probably bring down with a crash the whole machinery of conciliation and wage-adjustment in the industry.

ASSEMBLY AND COUNCIL

GENEVA, MONDAY, SEPT. 7TH.

LAST year we were all excitement: to-day we are calm, confident, serene. Geneva has experienced the soothing influence of a change of Government in Britain. Conservative Ministers, who have an overwhelming party majority in the Commons, will now be here to deal with the brilliant French delegation, the same men who helped to make the Protocol, except that M. Painlevé has replaced M. Herriot. All may therefore sleep quietly at nights. Not even the old ladies in the Pensions believe that the peace of the world is going to be established for ever by the events of this month.

Nevertheless, I have never found the Secretariat more confident of the success of the Assembly; or, rather, they are occupied with the vast quantity of international business which confronts them and not worrying about advertising results. Hitherto there has always seemed to be an attempt to stage some special attraction, so that the Assembly might be justified in the eyes of the world. To-day the volume of "routine" business is so great and its importance so obvious that the Assembly is justified before it meets. Whether there will be added to this indispensable work any contribution to the structure, functions, or technical machinery of the League is very doubtful. There appears to be in British circles a magnificent optimism as to German intentions, hardly shared in other quarters, which, perhaps, know less about them. As the negotiations for the Security Pact can hardly mature sufficiently for the admission of Germany to be considered at this Assembly, it is difficult to see how much can be done here to further

those negotiations. Still, the problems of security, as M. Painlevé took pains to point out in his opening address, must be considered in some form or other, and it is possible that these debates may touch on problems with which the Pact is very definitely connected.

Meanwhile, the meetings of the Council have attracted an enormous amount of attention, and the usual meeting-place was found far too small to admit even the representatives of the Press. The debates on Mosul have therefore been staged in the large glass room of the Secretariat, and the eager visitors denied access to the Holy of Holies can at least view the spectacle from the comparative comfort of the terrace and garden. Mr. Amery had thus a fine opportunity at his first appearance as a member of the Council, and he made the most of it. Even more energetic than usual after a visit to the Swiss mountains, he came, was heard, and conquered. Like all good Ministers, he rewrote with his own pen the statement which his experts had prepared for him, and added some characteristic flourishes of his own. He could thus deliver it as if he meant every word of it. The public meetings of the Council are, it must be confessed, generally extraordinarily dull. That Mr. Amery made every sentence of his long opening speech on behalf of the British case seem alive with his own personality was something of a triumph. To those who knew his previous attitude towards the League there was something delightfully ironical in his profound respect for that body. There was not a whisper against a Commission which had dared to criticize in no uncertain language various statements and actions of the great British Empire, of which Mr. Amery was so zealous a servant. On the contrary, the Commissioners were, if not perfect, very nearly so, while the British Government were, of course, ready to obey without question the decisions of the Council. The British Government were, indeed, prepared to accept the onerous duty of mandating until such time as the Council decided that they might give it up. Surely no Power has ever before evinced so great a trust in the wisdom and discretion of the Council, and Mr. Amery expressed his faith with such fervour and conviction that it was no wonder that foreign representatives, who were considering his personality for the first time, murmured "Another Cecil come to the judgment-seat!"

There is no need, however, to question Mr. Amery's sincerity. The League had given him an opportunity such as no other institution could have afforded him, of stating the British case in such a way as to impress most powerfully and most favourably the public opinion of the world, and it will probably, though by no means certainly, accept his plea and award to Iraq the Mosul area. Cynics were heard to mutter that all was over except the shouting and, perhaps, the shooting. That is of course untrue. The Council, assisted by the Secretariat, will explore every possibility of a compromise, which is the normal solution of questions so difficult as that of Mosul. Nevertheless, though the Turkish representative spoke with a kind of mournful emotion which was not unimpressive, his arguments were on the whole so inferior to those of Mr. Amery, who demolished most of them in another long and able speech, that it is difficult to see how the Council can come to any other decision than to award nearly the whole of the area in dispute as Mr. Amery desires, under the condition laid down by the Commission that Iraq shall remain under the tutelage of Britain until it is better able than it is likely to be two years hence to safeguard the interests of the inhabitants of Mosul.

That this result will hardly be welcomed in Britain is already evident. In present circumstances it is only

natural that we should desire to get rid of responsibilities that have proved costly in the past and promise certainly difficulty and even danger in the future. Two powerful considerations, however, mitigate the obvious disadvantages. In the first place the responsibility will have been undertaken at the request of the Council of the League, whose decision we have promised in advance to accept. Secondly, it is extremely unlikely that if we abandoned Iraq, and left it shorn of its best wheat lands and with an insecure frontier, we should in the long run have less responsibilities than we have now.

It may be added that few people expect the Turks to accept the award of the Council. If they do, they will abandon all the traditions of Turkish diplomacy. They will play for delay, as the international situation could not be worse for them than it is at present. They can probably hope for no help from their traditional ally in disputes with Britain—France. Such tactics would, however, probably be adopted by them even if the League partitioned the area in dispute, and in that case the misery and unrest of the unfortunate inhabitants would become intolerable. According to the principles of the League their interests must have a very high place in the scale of values, and it is probable that they will lead to a decision, which, however unpalatable to many British citizens, who are amongst the keenest supporters of the League of Nations, will be founded on the highest ideals of peace and justice.

We shall have time to reflect on these matters, for the dispute is now referred to a Committee of the Council and will be discussed in private. Meanwhile the decision as to Austrian control, though fairly easy of solution as an economic question, has become more difficult owing to the political interests involved. As Austria becomes more free, her political and economic orientation becomes increasingly a matter of speculation and debate. There is much gossip on this subject—much of it of course idle rumour. Still M. Benes, freer, perhaps, this year than last from arduous drafting duties, may be likely to give a good deal of attention to the subject.

C. K. WEBSTER.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THERE is no need to spend time in guessing what good news was brought to Aix for Mr. Baldwin by the French Premier and the two Foreign Secretaries, since we are all aware that there was none to carry, despite the claim that M. Painlevé's inaugural address to the League Assembly displayed the organic convergence of the French and British points of view. Most of us, I imagine, are more concerned with Mr. Baldwin and his action and inaction. Why, for instance, the journey of the trio to Aix? The Prime Minister, who is sincere enough about the League of Nations, should have made a point of going to Geneva this month, for at least two good reasons. First, his presence would have been a valuable corrective of the impression that can hardly fail to be left by Mr. Chamberlain's stiff personality. I speak without hostility. It is so: our present Foreign Secretary is not an ideal Englishman for the Assembly, or for any international assembly. Secondly, Mr. Baldwin should have realized how great was the gain last year from Mr. MacDonald's appearance before the League. It was both personal and national—a remarkable phenomenon.

* * *

I confess to being entertained almost daily by the turns in the red-bogey game. Could anyone, I ask you,

have devised a thing more ridiculous than the wild scare over what was going to happen at Scarborough this week? Have our Tory journalists never seen a trade-union conference, looked at the several leaders of the great unions, or tried to estimate what those men stand for in the industrial world? But at any rate the leader-writers may pride themselves upon one achievement—namely, the building of a national reputation for Mr. A. J. Cook, who must be thankful for the goodness and the grace that gave him the Editor of the *MORNING POST* and Mr. Ian Colvin. Again, consider the attack upon Mr. Saklatvala for his impudence in joining the Inter-Parliamentary Union party for Washington. The purpose of the attack is plain enough; but its brilliant organizers, you might suppose, would at least be able to imagine the Communists' rejoicing in the event of their little plot in connection with the immigration form being successful with the U.S. Commissioner of Immigration. But no; one might as well expect Mr. Gwynne and his happy warriors to have heard aright the name of the fine old Cunarder by which the Inter-Parliamentarians have taken passage.

* * *

In his appointments to the Coal Commission the Prime Minister has justified, rather more completely than I anticipated, my comment on his conception of the Liberal Panel. Three of the four members are Liberals—active, philosophic, and resourceful. Sir Herbert Samuel's brain and experience are known to the country. Sir William Beveridge, many years before he became Director of the School of Economics or any of us had dreamed of the Ministry of Food, wrote the book on Unemployment which marked an epoch. Mr. Kenneth Lee was associated with Mr. Ramsay Muir and Mr. E. D. Simon in the Manchester group which, immediately after the War, worked out the new industrial policy and created the Liberal Summer School. What kind of scheme for the coal-mines, I wonder, are the people who think they know expecting from a Commission of which these men make three-fourths of the membership? You may be quite sure it will not be a jejune or an obvious scheme. Myself, I should not expect it to be built on simple lines.

* * *

I should like to call particular attention to an astonishing literary event that appears to have passed without notice this summer. In the current number (July) of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW* you will find an article by W. K. Fleming which contains a convincing exposition of the mystery of "John Inglesant." Every instructed reader of that renowned romance knows what the mystery was: that a business man of Birmingham, a manufacturer of vitriol, should not only have been able to construct an intimate picture of English life in the seventeenth century, but also, though he had never travelled, to be equally successful with his Italian scenes and characters. Lord Acton, alone among the learned, cast doubts upon the author (see the letters to Mrs. Drew), but in this instance the tremendous Acton was not very effective. Mr. Fleming, in one of those rare pieces of writing which have the force of things done, and done once for all, shows that J. H. Shorthouse was the most elaborate and systematic literary borrower of his age. "John Inglesant" is, in many parts, "a miracle of ingenious dovetailing into its text of a quantity of unacknowledged verbatim quotations from seventeenth-century writers."

* * *

Mr. Fleming's proof of this is staggering. Shorthouse copied sentences, paragraphs, and whole pages—not from obscure books only, but from authorities that

have been used continuously by historians and from classics that are assumed to be familiar to all men and women of literary culture: Burton's "Anatomy," Aubrey's *Lives*, the autobiography of Thomas Ellwood, Hobbes's "Leviathan," Ranke's "History of the Popes," Antony à Wood, the diaries of Evelyn, Lady Fanshawe, and the rest. The moving description of the Anglican retreat at Little Gidding is in great part lifted from the *Lives* of Nicholas Ferrar. The appearance of Inglesant on the scaffold at Charing Cross, "one of the most sustained pieces of transcription in the book," is taken from the contemporary account of Charles's execution, "England's Black Tribunal." Inglesant's admired epitaph is copied from Antony à Wood. In the Italian chapters, the vividness and detail of which have baffled the readers of "John Inglesant" for forty-five years, passage after passage is taken by Shorthouse from Evelyn, or written, as Mr. Fleming puts it, with Evelyn at his elbow. And what makes it all the more bewildering is that, in many cases, the borrowings are things that have been quoted all along as special and peculiar beauties of Shorthouse's imaginative gift—e.g., the picture of Siena from the hill-top, the tale of the blind Malvolti to John Inglesant in the darkening church at Naples. I do not know which is the more extraordinary: the habit of mind that led Shorthouse to this method of thoroughgoing transcription, or the fact that his secret should have remained undetected until Mr. Fleming—who, by the bye, is no enemy—set out upon his voyage of discovery.

* * *

A good many years ago Mr. Lowes Dickinson, during an eastern voyage on a P. & O. liner, wrote an essay on Anglicanism—not the faith of the Church of England merely, but that form of national idealism which consists in religiously doing the proper thing. A holiday experience suggests to me that there is no more complete illustration of Mr. Dickinson's thesis than that furnished by the English chaplain at a Continental resort. In the salon of an Alpine hotel you may note a cupboard marked, "Private—English Church." Therein are stacked the red-edged "Hymns A. and M." and the grass cushions for the protection of devout knees. On Sundays they are brought out, and used the regulation three times by the English visitors, the women (submissive, as ever, to St. Paul) resolutely wearing their hats. One thing in particular always strikes me as interesting. At home these professors of the essential Anglicanism may choose, or may submit to, the highest of ritual forms. In exile they thoroughly enjoy old-fashioned singing and responsive reading of the Psalms.

* * *

I much admire the skill with which the watchdogs of the Sunday papers contrive to distil wit and wisdom, in the form of sayings of the week, from reports of speeches that we know to be mostly dull. But they, like the rest of us, can miss a juicy example. My particular choice last week would have been this:—

"St. Paul was a reformed rake."

DR. MARIE STOPES.

And I should have given a prize of a sort to the Rothermere paper which devised for its lunch-time poster:—

"MR. GODFREY ISAACS RE-BURIED."

* * *

I did not, as Mrs. Woolf implies, mistake the meaning of her remark about "David Copperfield." A small minority only, I think, meet with it so early that the first reading is not a distinct memory. Her second point seems to me highly debatable. If her question had been put in 1860, or 1880, the people of England would have voted overwhelmingly for Dickens first.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDUCATION TO-DAY

SIR,—Notwithstanding the statement recently made by the President of the Board of Education that we want more education and less administration, there remains the fact that the tendency of the latter is towards an increase, whilst education is not always so clearly in the ascendant. With the influx into our schools of children during the last two decades, and the transformation of teaching methods, it is not surprising education has suffered.

When "payment by results" was the dominating feature of educational work, the elementary subjects received attention, but with subsequent codes this phase disappeared to give greater freedom in teaching. Has this result been obtained? It is true the number of subjects is no longer limited to the "three R's," but the principle remains—the principle that education is the acquisition of knowledge, whereas knowledge, *per se*, plays a subordinate part in education. Education enables us to get correct views of the principles and objects of life, and to train the mind to behave systematically with regard to conduct. "What good will this do?" inquires the boy of to-day. Herein lies the root of the whole matter. Herbert Spencer once said: "Work is not the object of life, but life is the object of work." We are too prone to consider facts as the be-all and end-all of education. Pestalozzi taught us what it was, but we have been slow to adopt his teaching. Work, he told us, must be useful and necessary, and there must be hand-work as well as head-work. Modern educationists are agreed that instruction is a secondary consideration. Rousseau went so far as to say he would bar children from books at an early age, because books "teach not learning, but to appear learned."

We have moved onwards since Rousseau's day, and yet we are bound to acknowledge that the results of the past forty years are not entirely satisfactory. Education has been treated too much in the commercial spirit, but education is not a commodity that can be bought and sold. The chief end of all human teaching should be ethical; it should not aim at success, but rather the performance of duty, and making the whole of life morally sound. As Ruskin has it: "Education is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together and by the same means."

The gospel of "getting on" has poisoned the waters at their source. The acquisition of this world's goods is not the main factor in life. The outlook must be broader and must embrace those things so greatly insisted upon by the true teacher. The aim should be to provide not cargo, but driving power. The "three R's," though regarded so slightly, are means to an end, and the end must be the development of the body, soul, and spirit. Those who are to have the prizes of life are chosen on their merits. Wisdom means more than attention to the gospel of "getting on"; and life, at the end, will seem a poor affair if the fruits of its exertions are no more than material acquisitions.

There is hope among many who regard education as one of the main forces to save the nation, that by having smaller classes, by securing only properly qualified teachers, the elements of weakness on which we have touched will disappear. But the root of the mischief lies deeper. The present system is founded on the notion that manual labour must be discredited in order to show the greater value of literary dexterity. Yet it must always be borne in mind that the mass of elementary-school children will have to earn their living by the use of their hands.

With an extended leaving-time we should be able to adapt our teaching to the needs of those who will not go forward with secondary education, and with this in view the curriculum may be extended somewhat, but it may be desirable to limit the number of subjects. To-day education suffers from a definite want of purpose and also from the want of continuity in teaching.—Yours, &c.,

J. C. WRIGHT.

"BRITISHER" v. "ENGLISHMAN"

SIR,—Mr. Aitken's letter in your issue of 22nd ult. I consider a very able one, but "he stops at the door, and turns back, still seeking." Perhaps I, as a Gaelic-speaker,

may be able to supply the "missing word" that you, as editor and journalist, are so anxious to get hold of.

In Gaelic we called Englishmen "Sasunnaich," and Scotsmen, "Albannaich." The inhabitants of England and Scotland, combined, we call "Breatannaich," that is, natives of Britain—the common name of England and Scotland as a whole.

The nearest English equivalent of "Breatannach" (the singular form of "Breatannaich") is "Britisher"—a perfectly good word, nothing uncouth about it that I can see: an American interpretation certainly, but that is no reason to disown it. America is sometimes correct, as in the case of this nomenclature, which I personally accept as a solution of the difficulty you complain of.

Wherever I have been abroad—the United States, Canada, China, Japan, &c.—I always called myself a "Britisher," and was quite well understood. As a matter of fact, good-class Englishmen I met far away from home also called themselves "Britishers," to put themselves, I take it, on a common denominator with myself: this I personally appreciated as a compliment, and so far as I know, we felt perfectly happy on both sides. Why, therefore, quarrel as to the sound or appearance of words? Let us have accuracy (or as near to it as we can get), at all costs.—Yours, &c.,

F. M. SHAW.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"

SIR,—Fear of a sudden death very naturally distracted Kappa's mind from my article on "David Copperfield," or he would, I think, have taken my meaning. That nobody can remember reading "David Copperfield" for the first time is a proof, not, as he infers, that the reading makes so little impression that it slips off the mind unremembered, but that "David Copperfield" takes such rank among our classics, and is a book of such astonishing vividness, that parents will read it aloud to their children before they can quite distinguish fact from fiction, and they will never in later life be able to recall the first time they read it. Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and "Robinson Crusoe" are for many people in the same case.

Questions of affection are, of course, always disputable. I can only reiterate that while I would cheerfully become Shakespeare's cat, Scott's pig, or Keats's canary, if by so doing I could share the society of these great men, I would not cross the road (reasons of curiosity apart) to dine with Wordsworth, Byron, or Dickens. Yet I venerate their genius; and my tears would certainly help to swell the "unparalleled flow of popular grief" at their deaths. It only means that writers have characters apart from their books, which are sympathetic to some, antipathetic to others. And I maintain that if it could be put to the vote, Which do you prefer as man, Shakespeare, Scott, or Dickens? Shakespeare would be first, Scott second, and Dickens nowhere at all.—Yours, &c.,

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

FREUDIAN PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

SIR,—I must apologize to your correspondents for not replying earlier to the three letters on this subject which appeared in your issue of August 22nd, but I have been travelling abroad.

I may recall that my former letter (published on August 8th) was written to point out the unreasonableness of Miss (?) Allmond's implicit assumption that it was "entirely misleading" to review Freud's work on the basis of a belief in its essential soundness. (I am sorry if I mistook the writer's sex, but there was nothing in the signature to indicate it.) Everyone interested in the subject is perfectly well aware that there are scientific people of standing and reputation who agree with Freud, partially or completely, and that there are others who do not. And the demand that anyone who does agree must answer Freud's critics before he may review Freud's writings seems to me a ridiculous demand. I supported my contention by suggesting that the main reasons why Freud is neglected by many psychologists, and condemned by a variety of people, are not that his theories are unscientific and unsound, but of quite a different nature. It may very well be, as Sir Bryan Donkin says, that "there are many who deem that the doctrine contains the seeds of its own dissolution, and there-

fore are disinclined to discuss it." The question is: Do they so deem on grounds of real knowledge? Or do they take this comfortable view mainly because they would like it to be true? Convinced opponents of Freud are obviously unlikely to accept my suggestions. I also said that a statement quoted by Miss Allmond was "quite untrue." This is a question of fact, not of my opinion, as Sir Bryan Donkin suggests.

I must emphasize here that my former letter made no attempt to defend Freudian doctrine against its critics, nor have I any intention of making the attempt now. In my judgment it cannot be done with any adequacy within the limits of a letter or a review. I may however add some comments on parts of your correspondents' letters.

Sir Bryan Donkin says that all the "chief champions of Freudism seem to hold the eccentric view that nobody has a right to criticize psycho-analysis at all unless they have previously practised it." Eccentric or not, something like this view is certainly held by psycho-analysts. Perhaps it would be better to say that the criticisms of those who have not practised it are of very little value. What would Sir Bryan Donkin say to a disbeliever in the results of histology who refused to look through a microscope? It should be clearly understood that psycho-analysts do claim that they have at their disposal a new instrument for investigating the human mind. Criticism of the instrument is of course legitimate and necessary. It is possible, no doubt, for those who have no first-hand knowledge of analysis to hold that what one sees through the instrument is simply the projection of his own morbid imaginings. But psycho-analysts are surely justified in holding that critics who have never tried to use the instrument are at a serious disadvantage. Their criticisms are necessarily confined to generalities and lack actuality, or, like Dr. Wohlgenuth's, they are fallacious because they are based on false assumptions about the nature of scientific knowledge. And one may fairly set against the condemnation of one group of outside observers the sympathy and approval of others who also view the subject from outside, but find its doctrines in harmony with their independent observation of human life. I confess that at first I was sceptical of very many of the Freudian theses, and even now there are interpretations which strike me as far-fetched. But I have become very chary of downright unbelief, for in so many cases I have been forced by accumulating evidence to accept interpretations which at first I rejected as overstrained. Freud generally turns out to be right.

My statement that Dr. Wohlgenuth's criticism has been "(partly) met and answered by Mr. Flügel . . . and notably by Professor Pear" was a considered statement. I had read Dr. Wohlgenuth's reply to Mr. Flügel (indeed, the author was kind enough to send me a copy), and I do not agree that he "refuted" every point raised. I think, indeed, that both review and reply were as a whole rather ineffective and inconclusive, but that some of Mr. Flügel's points were good and not adequately answered. With regard to Professor Pear's criticism of one specific point, I am sure the majority of people at the meeting would not agree that it was "chiefly rhetorical, trying, vainly, to brush aside the experimental evidence, but leaving the main issue unaffected." On the contrary, it seemed to many of the audience very much to the point. As for the "experimental evidence" itself, it has always seemed to me quite valueless for the use to which Dr. Wohlgenuth put it.

As to the alleged subjectivity of Freud's method, the charge which Miss Allmond, in her second letter, justly regards as of great importance, it is quite impossible in the space of a letter to say anything worth saying on the subject—except perhaps this, that there is an enormous amount of nonsense talked by critics about the rôle of suggestion in analysis. That suggestion plays an important part is beyond doubt, but that the analyst would be able, even if he so desired, to suggest to the patient (in the sense of making the patient adopt) the actual concatenations of thought and feeling that are revealed in analysis is a completely chimerical notion. False suggestions are often made in the course of an analysis, and may be accepted for a time, but eventually, with fuller knowledge, they simply drop away. What Dr. Wohlgenuth and Miss Allmond say about "flagrant and persistent disregard of scientific method" and "careful control" seems to me mere pseudo-scientific

bombast. We all know that controlled experiment is by far the most satisfactory method of establishing any scientific conclusion. But the method of controlled experiment is simply not available in many spheres of scientific investigation, and no one denies them the name of science or refuses to give credence to results based on converging lines of evidence. I hope, at not too distant a date, to have an opportunity of discussing, at adequate length, various aspects, not of psycho-analysis alone, but of what I call (quite impenitently) the New Psychology, and incidentally the topic of Freud's critics. But for such discussion one must have plenty of elbow room, and here I purposely avoid trying to come to real grips with any part of the problem.

Finally, may I beg your correspondents' attention to the fact that I am not, and never have been, a professor? Nor do I hold a doctor's degree.—Yours, &c.,

Grantchester, Cambridge.

A. G. TANSLEY.

September 5th, 1925.

THE EXCHANGE AND THE EXPORT TRADES

SIR,—In your footnote to Sir D. M. Stevenson's letter you write: "But if proportionate deflation follows, the real burden will be just the same." Was the restoration of gold parity, which enabled the nation to find a reduced number of pounds for the service of the American debt, really "deflation"? And if so, was the pound before the restoration "inflated"?

Perhaps your correspondent Mr. W. Gallacher, who asserts "That the reversion to the Gold Standard was premature is incontestable," will oblige with an intelligible answer, as he looks upon the Gold Standard "as being purely arbitrary and indeed out of date"?

I hope I may not be premature in recommending your correspondent to read Mr. McKenna's speeches again.

Meanwhile, if we can and do pay at par our debts in dollars or any other currency, would it be fair or even just to begrudge our workers the same gain for their wages? Are they not entitled to receive twenty shillings' worth of necessities for every pound they receive? Why should our creditors receive some £350 millions annually from our Exchequer in the shape of interest, and the workers receive two shillings less in their wages for every pound they earn by calling it "deflation" of inflated wages?

As none of your correspondents have taken up the embargo on foreign or Colonial loans, to which the writer of the article in your issue of August 22nd had drawn attention, may I point out that, although the capacity for borrowing seems unlimited, none of the borrowers have so far shown any capacity to repay? To issue longer-dated loans at higher interest in order to pay off other loans falling due may be good "finance," but scarcely a good security.

Our bankers and the Bank of England act together as our trustees, and we all ought to be thankful that we have a body of men whom we can trust to hold borrowers in check.—Yours, &c.,

C. V.

London, E.C.3.

SIR,—You were kind enough to insert my last letter to you, but from your footnote we do not appear to hold the same views as regards deflation. However, we no doubt differ only as regards degree, meaning that extremes in either case would be bad. Living as I do in the wilds of Berkshire, it may be excusable that I do not know Mr. W. Gallacher nor for what society the initials S.C.W.S. stand, but I should judge that he is a theorist, and not a practical business man. It would be a difficult matter to shake the position and view once adopted by an editor or theoretical advocate of such a difficult question as the Gold Standard, by correspondence, but your protagonist makes such an arbitrary statement, i.e., that the introduction of the Gold Standard "was premature," that I feel called upon to point out to him and your readers that his reason that the industries he mentions were languishing is incorrect, as they were bad for quite a long time before it was introduced, and moreover, business has if anything improved, rather than slackened, ever since, and a rise in gold even averted, as the Bank rate has been reduced, and not increased as was feared in many quarters. Deflation is the world's slogan,

but that does not necessarily mean a curtailment of wages, nor do I think it desirable, but it should mean reduced prices for commodities and thus add to the amenities of life and greater contentment to the working man in particular, whose daily budget for food, &c., is thought out in pence! If you have to add the uncertainty of exchange to business you only increase the troubles of a merchant, and having had to contend with this question for many years I can speak feelingly. Now a gold pound, even if only represented by a flimsy piece of paper, is of value anywhere; take its basis away and you again create distrust and uncertainty. With an actual gold coin in your hand, you could recently, and no doubt to-day, exchange it abroad for more than its face value, so that Mr. McKenna's contention was quite right; but it is not only a psychological but an actual fact, and the reason is not far to seek, and is best illustrated by India and the East, where the natives prize gold and silver and store annually vast quantities in the shape of ornaments and bullion, because it is not destructible by the climate and for centuries has always represented intrinsic value.

America, with its vast store of bullion, is in the position of lending it to its poorer neighbours, and now realizes the benefits of a stable exchange. If she only had paper notes, she could only do so as far as her credit went, and here again the Bank of England, backed by the reintroduction of a Gold Standard by the British Empire, proves its wisdom, which, by the way, every other nation is trying to copy.

It would be interesting to hear what standard your correspondent, the director of S.C.W.S., would propose to institute! Surely not bimetalism or cereals!—Yours, &c.,

N. H. T. BECKER.

CURRENCY AND TRADE

SIR,—When I left England last autumn for a tour in India and East Africa, business was brisk, manufacturers were well booked with orders at advancing prices, and were contented and optimistic, more employment was in view, and a new Government gave promise of a revival of trade. I returned to find a wide-felt depression following a severe fall in prices all round, an increase of about 25 per cent. in unemployment, now over a million and a quarter, and a general shortness of work and reduction in production.

To what do we owe this change in a world which looked so bright last December? When a doctor diagnoses the case of a sick man who has suddenly lost his robust health, he

tries to find out what change, if any, he has introduced into his life. The only change in Britain's policy has been the introduction of the Gold Standard. Full of pride that we are not as other men, we wanted the pound "to look the dollar in the face" (absurd catchword), and to accomplish this we had to manipulate currency, in order prematurely to bring about what would have happened of itself as soon as production and export overtook its present deficiency.

It would be interesting to know whether the financial advisers to the Government were aware that this change would lose hundreds of millions, and once more plunge us back into the slough of despond. If they were ignorant of the working of a simple economic law, why did they not at least profit by the lesson of India, who three years ago lost ten million pounds in an abortive attempt (which had to be abandoned) to fix the rupee on a gold basis of 2s.? Again, Kenya, which was plunged into insolvency in 1923 by the action of the Currency Board in introducing the shilling currency at a time when settlers were encumbered with debts to the Banks, borrowed at an exchange 50 per cent. lower than that which was fixed for the change.

Our Continental neighbours are suffering severely through a downward manipulation of currency while we are in trouble through our Government anticipating an upward movement, and therefore causing a fall in values of approximately 10 per cent.

May we not hope that Government may have the political wisdom to leave currency alone so that it may remain on a sound and normal basis, adjusting itself according to the ebb and flow of trade, just as the circulation of the blood supplies and invigorates when required that part of the body, head or limb, which is for the time most actively engaged? British trade is a vigorous child, and I do not despair of its ultimate recovery if our men and women will but work with a will and if the financial doctors will leave trade alone, but it is painful to reflect on the unnecessary suffering caused by the present untimely relapse.—Yours, &c.,

A. WIGGLESWORTH.

[The view that currency is a thing which can be "left alone" is not one which we share. We must choose either deliberate control or an "automatic" system like gold, which really means management under handcuffs. It was the preference for the latter, inspired by the hope of ultimately leaving currency alone, that led to the premature return to gold.—ED., NATION.]

THE ROMANCE OF THE EDGWARE ROAD

By BERNARD DARWIN.

IT is probably a private delusion of my own that of the great streets of London the only truly romantic one is the Edgware Road. It has this flavour of the country that it really does lead to Edgware. So does the Fulham Road to Fulham, but Edgware can still hold its head up as a place on its own account independent of London; and then I am lucky enough to have known a link with the road's earlier history. I knew a very old gentleman who had lived all his life in the Edgware Road, where it seems but a stone's throw to Marble Arch. And he, as a small boy, had watched a prize fight in the fields out of his window. This memory led him on to talk of Cribb and Molineaux. It was on the way to the drawing-room after dinner, and as we drew near the door his voice sank to a whisper, since such a subject was improper before the ladies. If he was a truthful old gentleman—and I am nearly sure he was—he had been wonderfully fortunate in the things he had seen out of windows, for he told me that his school at Wimbledon looked on a churchyard, and one night he had seen resurrection men at work, "fishing" like Jerry Cruncher with rusty fingers.

Alas that I never asked him about the supreme and murky romance of his road! I did not ask him to

tell me something of John Thurtell. Perhaps he could not have told me much, and yet he must have been about ten years old in October of 1824, when Thurtell drove away down the Edgware Road, driving William Weare to his death. If Sir Walter Scott went out of his road to Scotland to make pilgrimage to Gill's Hill Lane, a boy of ten must surely have heard his elders talking about the murder, even though they whispered as he did about Tom Cribb. Perhaps he asked them to take him to the Surrey Theatre where was being performed the drama of "The Gamblers," introducing the original green gig and the bald-faced horse. I feel for him as acutely as I do for my own small self that once begged prematurely to be taken to the Chamber of Horrors. Yet I hope that his father, the doctor, took him out driving for a treat, on the way to some distant patient, perhaps as far as the inn called the "Bald-Faced Stag." I fancy him, wrapped in a shawl, snuggling up to his father, *in a gig*, looking at the road in silent ecstasy and wondering about Mr. Thurtell.

For myself, I have only driven on Thurtell's road in someone else's car, when the illusion is hard to recapture. Yet on a dark, wet night, when it is hard work not to run down the bicyclists, it can be done. With

a clatter of hoofs the gig goes by driven furiously. There is the horse with the white face—white with what it is going to see—and Thurtell in his long drab coat, and beside him a little Jewish-looking, rat-faced man with black whiskers, feeling privily in the secret pocket next his skin to see that his money is there. The horse patrol calls out to them, but the gig dashes by, on the wrong side of the road, and the sound of hoofs dies away in the distance.

It would be easy to make this pilgrimage methodically. Edgware, Radlett, and Elstree do not take long to reach. I have played golf prosaically enough at the first two, and I believe I have passed Elstree Churchyard where they buried Weare by the light of a lantern on a black, still night. "From that grave," so the Newgate Calendar tells me, "we can see almost the very spot where he was murdered and the whole track by which he went from Elstree a living man in the anticipation of enjoying the sports of the field and the festivities of the board." And yet I hesitate. There are some shrines better left unvisited. Is Gill's Hill Lane there? I dare not go to see. It was so narrow that a gig could not turn, and trees grew arching over it. "Damn my eyes, Jack," said Mr. Weare, "here's a pretty place to cut a man's throat if you want to get rid of him," and Thurtell turned and shot him. If it is there now, it is probably trimmed with smug little villas. Suppose I saw a house on what I believed to be the spot with a notice board "To let," and asked to look over it. Suppose I said to the tenant: "A lady, who used to live here before you, looked out of her window at midnight, saw a light in the stable and the horse brought out, heard a heavy something dragged along the dark walk towards the pond, and then a hollow noise like a heap of stones thrown into a pit." I do not imagine she would thank me. I am almost sure the landlord would disapprove the memorial tablet I should propose: "Here lived William Probert, murderer and horse thief."

No, I must make my own romance, and Thurtell, for all he was clumsy and crude and unspeakably brutal, is romantic. Sir Walter was ashamed of going to see the place, but he went. As the story gripped people then, so it will grip you now if you will only read it. Is it because Borrow described him? No, even that would not do it. It is not because he went to the scaffold with a gesture, giving his empty snuff-box to the governor's son, and was hanged like a gentleman. It is not that the one thing he wanted to know on his last morning was whether Tom Spring had won. That is an endearing trait, but no one could love Thurtell. There must have been something about him that has managed to survive. It is the something that made Hunt and Probert so mightily afraid of him. They might murmur to themselves that he had double-crossed them over Weare's money, but for their lives they dare not say a word. The governor of the prison dare not call him anything but Mr. Thurtell. "Do you think I have got enough fall?" asked Thurtell. "I think you have, sir," said the Governor. Which of us will be called "sir" when we come to be hanged? When the drop fell, four horse expresses sped away on the London road. No one knew why, but it was rumoured that they galloped to tell his friends that he had said nothing. They were relieved, we may be sure. They were frightened of what he might say, but they were still more frightened of him. "Jack had a way with him," is perhaps as far as they could get in explanation, and it was a way that makes me afraid. "His face was always somewhat grim, do you see?" said his friend the Jockey in "Romany Rye," and he is grim still.

THE CRICKET SEASON

IT begins to look as though the bane of cricket were not to be boundaries, covered wickets, the l.b.w. rule, or any other of those venerable poisons which, any time these forty years, have, in the opinion of elderly gentlemen with sluggish livers and ready pens, been on the point of killing the game: it begins to look as though the worst enemy of cricket were the Test Match. Certainly things have come to a pretty pass when the cricket correspondent of the *Times* can calmly assert that the sides for Gentlemen and Players at Lord's—one of the great sporting events of the year—should be chosen with a view to discovering and testing possible internationals. No, sir, the sides for great matches, for all serious matches indeed, should be chosen with a view to winning that particular match, and with no other. Colts' matches and trial games at the beginning of the season, Hastings and Scarborough at the end, are the proper places for experiment. To regard one genuine contest as "giving a line" for another is a practice as fatal to sport as that of regarding one writer or painter as "leading on" to another is fatal to the appreciation of art.

Matches are important in proportion as they are played and watched in the spirit of a contest; the most important being those which are everything in themselves, in which individual performances count for little, and the inferences to be drawn for nothing. Even in a Test Match the Surrey partizan would much rather that Hobbs made a hundred than Sutcliffe, and might even be willing to take fifty runs from Sutcliffe's century if he could add thirty of them to Hobbs's seventy. In a University match, who cares whether it is a man from Trinity or from Pembroke who gets the runs? All emotion is concentrated on the match in these great, long-standing contests. Three are pre-eminent: Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, and Gentlemen and Players at Lord's. And if certain county matches, *e.g.*, Surrey *v.* Notts, Surrey *v.* Yorkshire, Yorkshire *v.* Lancashire, and Middlesex *v.* Kent, are only lower in the same class, that is because these matches are regarded, to some extent at any rate, by players and spectators alike, as ends in themselves and not mere means to points. The three great matches, however, stand apart in excitement and interest. They are simply to be won or lost; there is no question of a return even, or the rubber. Wherefore, they alone provoke from the first ball that tense state of mind from which all sense of "another year" or of other interests almost has faded. The match is to be won by all fair means, and after the last ball *ruat cælum*.

This year all three were disappointing, though one was a surprise. Few good judges can have expected Oxford to make a creditable, though losing, draw. To be sure, they were in a sense playing for a draw from the moment they won the toss; but this, considering the overwhelming superiority on form of their opponents, they were justified in doing. The Oxford batting was adequate; but the Cambridge bowling was to their supporters a sad disappointment. Those who had seen them get Surrey out in the first innings of that memorable victory at the Oval concluded that Mr. Meyer was good enough to prevent the Oxford batsmen settling in at all easily, and that Mr. Enthoven, with his cleverness and variety, was just the man to run through a weak batting side. In fact, the only really good cricket of the three days was on the second afternoon. Between lunch and tea the wicket was difficult—difficult enough to give those who had never seen K. S. Duleepsinhji before an opportunity of realizing that here was a batsman of quality.

For the rest, Mr. Enthoven broke a record in making centuries in two consecutive University matches, but does not persuade me that he is a first-rate batsman, though he is a fine, hard-working cricketer; and Mr. Hewetson's fast bowling—of which every year we hear some talk—still strikes me as being of that alarming-looking, but essentially innocuous kind which a steady house No. 1, the terrors of the first over survived, finds no great difficulty in stopping. On the last afternoon the Oxford batsmen, going in without any fear of defeat between their shoulders, were able to play their own game, and a very pleasant one it was.

No day can be called wasted on which one sees Hobbs get a hundred, and in the Gentlemen and Players match Hobbs was at his best. Apart from his performance, the most interesting cricket was played on the afternoon of the first day. Mr. Carr had got going in his best manner; and yet the scoring-board showed that Mr. Stevens, who appeared to be playing defensive strokes almost always and drove so late that he seemed scarcely to raise his bat, was keeping pace with his captain. It was a shocking tragedy when the latter was caught napping and caused his partner to be run out. Mr. Carr himself seemed to feel it; at any rate, he immediately, and for the first time in his innings, hit against the break and was duly caught in the deep field. This was particularly unfortunate, because it brought two young players, Mr. Dawson and Mr. Enthoven—who were more or less on trial—together at a crisis. With Mr. Carr or Mr. Stevens well set at the other end, either would have felt less anxious. As it was, anxious they were, and they showed it: also, they played extremely well. To be called on to stem a collapse, with Tate, Macaulay, and Kilner bowling at the top of their form, is not likely to make any young cricketer feel light-hearted. And the amount of getting which the sixty runs these two added required was demonstrated brutally enough by the melancholy procession to and from the pavilion which followed their dislodgment. In these circumstances the "barracking" to which they were subjected throughout their useful partnership is inexplicable almost. "Barracking," always an offensive and unsportsmanlike practice, which the rag-tag of the English crowd seems to have picked up from the Australian, becomes in cases of this sort merely imbecile. And one can only wonder why so many people care to take a day off and pay several shillings to watch a game the fine points of which they manifestly understand about as well as I do those of Chinese poetry.

The Eton and Harrow match was not only a disappointment, it was almost a disgrace—for Harrow. Here was a great chance of turning the tide of misfortune brought to nothing by that inferiority complex which so often undermines the spirit of long-beaten sides. Lacking the tradition of victory, Harrow seemed always to be thinking about how not to lose. Yet at the end of the first day it looked as though they would win. The tail had wagged valiantly, and in Raphael they appeared to have a schoolboy bowler above the ordinary. So far as I could see—I was not quite so well placed as I could have wished—the ball with which, on a softened wicket, he did such execution pitched on or outside the off stump and turned away not very quickly. However, not one of the Eton batsmen, save Cobbold, could see it off the pitch, and catches to the wicket-keeper flopped up like partridges on the first of September. So, on the second morning, we drove up to Lord's expecting a good day's sport. Would Harrow make Eton follow on? In any other match there can be no doubt that this would have been the right policy;

the immense advantage of making the other side follow on—especially in a two-days' match—being that the side which is forcing a win has in its last innings to make only the exact number of runs required—whereas in the third it must add a margin of safety. But in this particular match maybe Ford was right in holding that that appalling fourth innings, with the eyes of the world upon very young and very nervous batsmen, was at all costs to be avoided. Very well: Harrow went in again, and at lunch should have been three hundred runs on. Probably they would have got out in the process of forcing them; if not, they should have declared, leaving Eton to get over three hundred in that dreadful last innings. As it was, the Harrow batsmen messed about till tea, and never had the slightest chance of getting Eton out afterwards. To be sure, there was a bad ten minutes for Etonians when two wickets fell in quick succession. Half an hour later the match was as good as drawn. The result on paper was misleading. After the first half-hour Eton was never in danger; if they had been Cobbold and Hunloke could probably have played out time.

I suppose it would be thought impertinent, if not unpatriotic, to end this article without saying a word about the side for next year's Test Matches. There is something in the contention—so important is it for a team to have the habit of playing and winning together—that the most likely combination would be nine of the Yorkshire eleven with Hobbs and Tate. That, however, will not be the official selection; neither would it be mine: so here is my All-England team chosen on approved principles. Four bowlers, Tate, Macaulay, Kilner (if he has recovered his form), and Parker; wicket-keeper, Strudwick, I suppose, or what about Lilley, of Notts?—a more than useful bat; five batsmen, Hobbs, Carr, Holmes, Hallows, and Sutcliffe or Hendren; and for my all-round man, Woolley—who cannot bowl this year, however—or Sandham or Chapman, who do not pretend to, but can field.

BROOMSTICK.

JEALOUSIES

By CAROLINE TRACEY.

THE maid, Pansy, knocked and entered, carrying in her arms the muscular, struggling form of the cat, Theodore. He had been out in the garden for an airing, and it was one of Pansy's duties to see that he was not tempted to back-fence prowlings. Whether he flung himself from Pansy or whether Pansy threw him down would be hard to say. Unlike her mistress, Miss Walcott, and Hester, the cook, she did not like Theodore. She considered him an overfed, pampered brute, who was getting comforts and attentions justly due—and lacking—to a hardworking human being like herself.

"'E's not even 'arf a cat, at that," she was accustomed to say scornfully to the indignant Hester. "'E's a objick, that's wot 'e is. 'Im take to the back fences and risk 'is precious skin? Not 'im! No fear."

Theodore strolled over to the cushion before the fire, passing with indifference under the outstretched hand of his mistress, dug his claws into the hearthrug, and drawing himself out to an incredible length, yawned magnificently, his white teeth gleaming in the delicate pink of his mouth. Then with a dainty shake of each hind foot that set the little bell on his red leather collar to tinkling prettily, he jumped up on his cushion and curled himself for sleep.

"Is there anything more, Miss, before I go?" asked Pansy.

Miss Walcott frowned slightly. It seemed to her that Pansy went out a great deal, though, as a matter of fact, the girl never asked for more than the evenings off agreed upon before she came. Pansy had a young man with whom she passed these free hours in a nearby cinema, a good-looking young fellow with broad shoulders and lively blue eyes. Miss Walcott had seen him once when he was waiting outside near the area steps for his sweetheart. A mechanic, sober, hard-headed and industrious, he intended to marry Pansy as soon as they had saved up enough between them to make a start in Canada.

This was the account of it the girl had given to Hester, and which Hester passed on to her mistress with all the gloomy trappings of suspicion and foreboding. Miss Walcott, who did not consider it dignified to listen to servants' gossip, had justified herself during the recital by wearing the aloof expression of a judge forced by his position to attend to the unpleasant details of a crime.

"It couldn't be as good as Pansy made it out," Hester had maintained with pursed lips and dubiously wagging head. Maybe she went to the cinema, and maybe she didn't. There wasn't any way of knowing, unless she, Hester, went following and spying, and she was never one for that, even if going to bed early like a Christian wasn't a better way to spend night hours. Even if they did go to the cinema, as Pansy said, was it respectable like to spend a whole evening sitting in the dark? And with a young man she'd met casual, on a 'bus, as Pansy admitted! Pansy was making a fool of herself. She, Hester, had never trusted men and never would. Always up to some sort of trick, they were. She'd said as much to Pansy, but the girl wasn't one to take a warning. Obstinate and self-opinionated, that's what she was.

But whatever might be thought of Pansy's folly or behaviour in regard to men, there was no denying that she was an excellent maid, a quiet, efficient little person, polite and obliging. If, on Thursdays and second Sundays, there was in her movements as she dusted or polished the heavy mahogany furniture an exasperating suggestion of gaiety, and if, on these days, the sparkling of her black eyes as she served at table had on Miss Walcott's nerves as much an effect of disorder as if the girl had come fox-trotting in with the plates, there was also the fact to be considered that honest and hard-working maids are not to be found on every bush. Half the big house was already closed because reliable servants were hard to find.

Yet this evening, though Miss Walcott was well aware that it was a dangerous thing to tamper with the free time of servants, and that in all probability Pansy's young man was already waiting outside, a childish desire to show her authority, at least to some extent, got the better of discretion.

"You can bring me my scarf from my room," she replied to Pansy's question. "And see if the book I've been reading is there—a thick red book with a silver thistle on the cover. If it's not there it's probably in the library. And before you go, please ask Hester if Theodore's supper is ready."

The book was not in Miss Walcott's room, nor in the library, and Pansy was delayed longer than Miss Walcott intended. Her own uneasiness at this added to Miss Walcott's irritation, and when Pansy returned with the book and scarf, and Hester's reply that the cat's supper would be ready in a moment, she was prepared to find in the fact that Pansy did not ask again if she wished anything else and in the maid's polite but firm, "Good-night, Miss," an aggressiveness that bordered on Bolshevik outrage.

She glared indignantly for a moment at the door that closed noiselessly behind Pansy; then, turning for sympathy to Theodore, bent down and lifted him on to her lap.

"Dear old kittykin," she murmured fondly, stroking him softly and turning his head in her hands so that he looked up in her face. "You're a beautiful kitten,

did you know that? And you're the only thing in the world I care for and the only thing that cares for me. It's true, isn't it, Tiddy, beautiful darling? Purr nicely and say 'Yes.'"

But on her thin knees and in her caresses Theodore found little to compensate him for the comfort of his cushion. He grumbled at first, and then gave little bored cries, stiffening his legs against her and tugging to get away. At Hester's knock he freed himself with a sudden spring and ran to the door to meet her. The cook entered, lean and dry as her mistress, carrying high a plate of finely cut meat, potatoes, and gravy. Theodore was now willing to purr. He curved and twisted himself about Hester's legs, shackling her steps, his tail, quivering with expectation, held erect above his shining black body. Then up on his hind legs in his eagerness he was dabbing at the plate with his paws, while Hester, holding the food just out of reach, gazed down at him dotingly. After a moment she bent as though to put the plate down.

"Give it to me," commanded Miss Walcott, sharply. It was impertinent of Hester to behave so: she did that sort of thing too often, taking advantage of the privileges of an old servant. She knew very well what Miss Walcott wished, and purposely ignored it. Miss Walcott took the plate, and holding it toward Theodore, invited him to a corner by the fire. The two women watched him while he made his supper, the mistress leaning slightly forward in her big chair, the cook standing gauntly, holding her elbows with a hardly concealed air of defiance. They were inwardly bristling against each other. Hester was aware that her mistress would like to send her from the room, but was ashamed to treat the matter as important. Miss Walcott, on her side, in addition to her annoyance at Hester's presence, suspected the cook of secret tidbits to Theodore, of bribing his affections away from her. When Theodore had finished eating and had washed his face with neat, adroit paws, Miss Walcott bent towards him, holding out her hands and snapping her fingers enticingly.

"Tiddy, Tiddy," she coaxed. "Come here. Come to me, Tiddy."

But Theodore glided out of her reach and went instead to Hester, who stood her ground, staunchly resistant to the cold resentment of Miss Walcott's glance. Again he circled about the cook, rubbing ecstatically against her black skirts, his eyes gleaming up at her like yellow moons, his purr a deep thrumming of content.

"There! He's not ungrateful," Hester exclaimed, stooping to rub her knotted fingers along his spine. "Pansy's no right to say he ain't grateful." Her voice held triumph. Triumph over Pansy, triumph over her mistress. The note drew Miss Walcott out of her hardly sustained self-control, and her sense of the ridiculous, already blurred in regard to Theodore, vanished entirely.

"And why, pray, should he be grateful to you?" she demanded in cold exasperation.

Hester folded her lips to injured silence, and Miss Walcott, still more angry, reached over, and seizing Theodore by a leg, dragged him up on her lap. Theodore, surprised and offended by this unusual roughness, retaliated, scratching and biting furiously, and when Miss Walcott looked up in her astonishment and pain, she surprised on the cook's face a smile of grim satisfaction.

At once Miss Walcott became outwardly very calm. She still held the cat, but now with a decision and firm grip that reduced his protest to a motionless growling. Freeing one hand, she managed, with some difficulty, to unfasten the red leather collar with its little bell, and pulling it off she threw it into the wastepaper basket, at the same time brushing the cat from her lap.

"Take him to the kitchen," she ordered, in her usual dry, quiet voice, "and don't let him come in here again. Hereafter he can be the kitchen cat." Hester flushed darkly—her mistress would pay somehow for those words; for the moment it was enough to bear the willing Theodore out of the room with an air of victory.

Alone, Miss Walcott leaned back, trembling. She looked from the ugly scratch on her hand and the little red drops of blood where Theodore's sharp teeth had broken the skin to the velvet cushion still marked with the imprint of the cat's heavy body. From the hall she could hear Hester ostentatiously calling, "Tiddy, Tiddy, Tiddy," and from the street there came the shrill, happy laughter of a voice not unlike Pansy's, mingled with the hearty, deep guffaws of an appreciative companion. Listlessly she reached down and shook out the cushion until there was no trace left of Theodore. Everything was wrong. In these days there was no more pleasure nor comfort in a home. She would discharge Hester and Pansy, close up the house and go away—to the Riviera—on a long voyage—somewhere. But she knew she would not. She was bound here by the thousand small habits of an uneventful, petty existence, for the most part complacent. But now, out of the little incidents of this evening, a sense of failure, of lack, loomed up suddenly to humiliate and overwhelm her, like an evil genie let carelessly out of a harmless-looking jar. Tears that felt like hot pebbles swelled under her eyelids, but that was too abasing! She pressed her lips together in proud resistance and stared at the open pages of the red book with the silver thistle on the cover, unable to read the print that now ran all together, nor could she have wished to, for she had already finished reading it the day before, with a sense of boredom.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

MR. J. R. ACKERLEY'S play, "The Prisoners of War," which was performed a short time ago by the Three Hundred Club, has now been put on at the Playhouse by Mr. Nigel Playfair, the majority of the cast remaining the same as on the former occasion and the production being still in the hands of Mr. Frank Birch. It is an extremely interesting play of a purely realistic kind, a very skilful representation of a group of people in highly specialized circumstances, and of the disastrous effect of those circumstances on their various characters. The skill of the naturalistic dialogue is extraordinary, but the whole effect on the mind of the spectator painful and depressing: the play has none of the beauty nor of the philosophy which move us in a great creative work. The realism is carried even into the construction, which consists in a sequence of events rather than a dramatic form. The acting is excellent, especially—to mention one name where all were good—on the part of Mr. Robert Harris. It will be very interesting to see whether the play will have a success; even more interesting to see Mr. Ackerley's next play.

I suspect the complete failure as a play of "The Green Hat" at the Adelphi to be the consequence of its tremendous success as a novel. Mr. Arlen stakes everything on the exploitation of the character of Iris Fenwick, a young woman who has *le diable au corps* and a really nice mind. The former inflection governs her acts, the latter her speeches, and involves a reckless use of such phrases as "brave, clean eyes." There is no reason why Iris should not be as effective on the stage as she must have been in the novel, but, unfortunately, the crudely yawning gaps in the dialogue from which the narrative has been torn away must have been the very places where resided in the original that gusto, glamour, or rich badness which made it a best seller. No attempt has been made to fill these spaces with dramatic cunning. The action drags badly, the actors stand wretchedly about, there is no conflict, no tension—in a word, no thrill. Miss Bankhead works hard, but Iris remains

obstinately a novelist's, not a playwright's, heroine, a creature pathetically lost without an explanatory welter of paragraphs from the kind literary gentleman. The other characters are mere puppets, set up to provoke Iris to displays of temperament. Miss Barbara Dillon (Venice Pollen) did the best that could be done with what she was given; Mr. Eric Maturin (Gerald March, brother of Iris) gave, while uttering lines full of exquisite bathos, a pleasant and lively imitation of a young man on the verge of delirium tremens; but the other men, especially Mr. Leonard Upton (Napier Harpenden), were very unhappy.

* * *

The sequel to the German film "The Nibelungs" is being shown at the Capitol: it has been given, for popular reasons presumably, the rather silly title "The She-Devil," and deals with Kriemhild's marriage to Attila, King of the Huns, and her revenge on Hagen Tronje, her uncle, and on her brothers the Nibelungs, for the death of her husband Siegfried. The story makes an ideal subject for a film of the epic type—action of a violent and spectacular kind, with psychological subtleties reduced to a minimum. This sequel, however, is rather disappointing, and falls far short of the first part. It lacks continuity and fails to work up to the necessary pitch of excitement, till towards the end, where Kriemhild traps the Nibelungs in Attila's banqueting-hall and orders it to be set on fire, till they are all killed. Hagen Tronje is an impressive figure, and both the acting and the appearance of Kriemhild are splendid. The barbaric, almost monkey-like, appearance of Attila and his Huns, on the other hand, is overdone and sometimes grotesque. The producer, Herr Fritz Lang, seems to have paid less attention than he usually does to purely pictorial effect: it is here that one finds the film disappointing, judging it, as one does Herr Lang's productions, on the highest standards.

* * *

The London String Quartet, which was last heard in the city of its name in December, 1924, when it played all the quartets of Beethoven in chronological order, will be heard there again next Saturday afternoon (Æolian Hall, 3.15). After that it is no more to be heard in London till 1927, for it sets out on an autumn tour of England, and after a brief visit to the Continent embarks on a nine months' tour of all the Americas. Beethoven appears in this single programme—the F major Rasoumowsky (Op. 59, No. 1)—which is well, for these four players, who have been playing together for sixteen years, have studied their Beethoven whole, and bring to any part of him a sure understanding of his meaning. The other quartets are Mozart in D (No. 21, Peters edition), which will be played first, and Haydn in D (Op. 64, No. 5) to finish the programme. As a quartet they have not the homogeneous, silky tone of the Lener, but their rhythm and *ensemble* are impeccable, and to a proper emotional sensitiveness they add a certain scholarliness, which gives authority to their interpretations and to the listener a feeling of security. This concert should make an auspicious opening of the season.

* * *

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, September 12.—Mr. Zangwill's "We Moderns," at the Fortune Theatre.
 Sunday, September 13.—Mr. J. A. Hobson on "The Humour of Psychology," at South Place Institute.
 "The Harem," Repertory Players, at the Garrick.
 Monday, September 14.—Madame Lydia Kyasht in "A la Russe," at King's Theatre, Hammersmith.
 Mr. Peile's "The Sybarite," at Everyman.
 Thursday, September 17.—Pirandello's "And That's the Truth," at Lyric, Hammersmith.

OMICRON.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LIVES OF THE GREAT

TWO books have been published in the same week, both of which I found it extremely difficult to put down when I began to read them after dinner: "Memoirs," by Sir Almeric FitzRoy (Hutchinson, two vols., 42s.), and "Courts and Countries After the War," by H.R.H. Infanta Eulalia of Spain (Hutchinson, 21s.). The *Times* critic said that Sir Almeric was much too long, but here is a book of two mighty volumes of which I would not have a word cut; indeed, I could well have done with yet another volume of four or five hundred pages. The fascination of these books for me consists in the fact that they take me into a world, physical and mental, of which I am profoundly ignorant. I once had a tête-à-tête tea with the Empress Eugénie, who invited me under the misapprehension that I was the Governor of an Asiatic province, but otherwise I have no personal knowledge of Courts and Princes—and even the Empress was a parvenue among empresses. The Infanta Eulalia claims to be the first royal personage to be advanced enough to exist without the perpetual presence of a lady-in-waiting, but, to judge from her book and from what I can now remember of the Empress Eugénie's conversation, such thoughts as did pass through the Empress's brain were more normal than those of the Infanta.

The Infanta takes you right into the boudoirs and studies (not to say brains and souls) where the great live their lives. Kings, queens, and princes (many of them, alas! in the receipt of the "dole," which the Infanta considers so disastrous for other classes) intimately cross her pages. If she is right in her judgments, the proportion of genius in the royal families (or perhaps one should say family) of Europe is much higher than in that of the rest of the population. The King of Spain is a genius, and so is the ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Of the Coburg family which now sits on practically every European throne, she says that it has "provided amazing intellects and amazing contrasts. Its Pagans, Puritans, misers, spendthrifts, poets, and men of action have astonished, and will continue to astonish, the world, and there is no doubt that the chameleon-like mentality of the Coburg is primarily due to the Oriental blood which is also part of their heritage." (Oriental is apparently a royal euphemism for Jewish.) I am ashamed, as a literary journalist, to say that I could not give the name of a single Coburg poet who has astonished the world. Everything, however, in the lives of the great seems to be so different from the things to which one is accustomed in plebeian life that one cannot be certain that the Infanta's idea of poets and poetry is the same as one's own. There is, indeed, hardly a page in this book without something to thrill or astonish you. For instance, what perpetually astonishes me is the capacity for belief among royal personages. They seem to be able to believe anything. The Infanta lives in so hectically a *couleur-de-rose* atmosphere (one insensibly slips into her literary style) that it is not always possible to be certain as to her meaning, but I gather that both she and the King of Spain believe that the South American Republics which were once Spanish are still loyal and will return one day to their formal allegiance. The Infanta believes that "the nearest approach to true

liberty is undoubtedly Fascism," apparently because, as she says, "it negatives class presumption and the selfishness of the lower orders." The Queen of Rumania believes that she is a reincarnation of Theodora, Empress of Byzantium, who died 1,377 years ago, and, when she stays in a Paris hotel, turns her room into a Byzantine throne-room. The ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria "believes firmly in the Jettatura," by which, I suppose, the Infanta and the ex-King mean the Evil Eye.

Sir Almeric FitzRoy, both by his birth and profession, was brought into unusually close relations with the lives of the great. As Clerk of the Privy Council, he was continually taking elderly gentlemen down to Windsor to be sworn as members, an extremely trying proceeding, since it seems to be a characteristic of human nature that it has a natural propensity not only to put on breeches when it ought to wear trousers and trousers when it ought to wear breeches, but also to lose its head in the presence of royalty and to forget all the careful instructions of the Clerk as to when to bow and when to rise and when to kiss the royal hand. In the lives of the great every man has his place, and every place has its appropriate coat, helmet, livery, and button. To Edward VII. the question of the right button at the right moment was of vital importance, and his own death was apparently hastened by an "explosion of wrath" at discovering that by an error of his Lord-in-Waiting he had addressed the Prime Minister of Western Australia as the Prime Minister of New Zealand. When, at the King's coronation, a mere Baroness got among the Countesses "to the indignation of the ladies in the vicinity," no small stir was created, and afterwards Lady Rosse, "an eye-witness of the transaction," told Sir Almeric that she "blamed the Gold Stick officer for his negligence or supineness in allowing an obvious intruder to usurp a place to which she had no claim." Very different from the Gold Stick officer is Sir Almeric himself in his stern methods of dealing with people who attempt to get into their wrong places, and when, on the day following Queen Victoria's death, the Lord Mayor, who had attended the Proclamation of Accession, revived an old claim to be present at the King's Council, he was soon made to withdraw.

What is interesting in Sir Almeric's and the Infanta's books is to see from the inside the lives and minds of the great so perfectly fashioned and so completely dominated by breeches, buttons, bows, and the table of precedence. But in Sir Almeric's book there is a great deal more. His position brought him into close contact not only with royalty and fashion, but with the inner circle of politicians. He is a successor to Greville and the other diarists who have spent their lives in the corridor which leads to the Cabinet. The gossip of that corridor, the bitter little things which one Cabinet Minister has said of another, the good stories which are handed about society—and some of them are very good—are all to be found in his pages. Personally I find that sort of thing immensely amusing and even instructive, and, though Sir Almeric is not quite clever enough to be in the first flight of these species of diarist, he has enough knowledge and has enough malice to make the reader always want to find out what is in the next paragraph.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

CLOWNS AND PANTOMIMES

Clowns and Pantomimes. By M. WILLSON DISHER. (Constable, 42s.)

MR. DISHER has chosen a very large and complicated and difficult subject as the theme for the related series of essays published under the title of "Clowns and Pantomimes." Not unnaturally, the essays vary considerably in merit and in the amount of knowledge displayed. Mr. Disher is on sure ground so long as he is treating of English clowns, English pantomime traditions, and the modern music-hall comedian; the essays dealing with Grimaldi show much patient research, the life of Grock is well done, the Circus Clowns are presented with interesting details. On these and one or two kindred topics, Mr. Disher always writes well and is therefore deserving of praise. He is not very convincing when he essays the psychology of laughter or attempts the philosophy of burlesque; nor does he command much respect when he writes of foreign traditions or moves further away from our own time than the end of the eighteenth century. His remarks on the *Commedia dell'Arte* seem a little insufficient when compared with a book like M. P. L. Duchartre's "*Comédie Italienne*"—which has the additional merit of providing the ample bibliography Mr. Disher has refused us. Moreover, Mr. Disher is primarily interested in actors and acting, in what he calls the "art of showmanship"; he is suspicious of the arts of theatrical decoration, he has little enthusiasm for plays as literature, while dancing and music occupy his attention very slightly. Now, it is difficult to criticize acting as a thing in itself, even when the critic has seen the performance; it is almost impossible when he has never seen the actor and must rely on the written testimony of contemporaries. Actor-worship, the personalities and biographies of actors, delight only a specialized audience and are often positively repulsive to those who are offended by the vanity of actors and the sentimentality of their admirers. Thus, as so often happens with books of this sort, the illustrations, when well chosen and carefully reproduced, easily outweigh the text. No writer ever yet succeeded in communicating the æsthetic pleasure created by acting and actors, but certain painters and engravers and draughtsmen have arrested as it were one immovable second of a kinetic spectacle.

It would be very pleasant if we could persuade ourselves that the English clowns and pantomimes so well described by Mr. Disher were an English equivalent to the *Commedia dell'Arte* and worthy in every respect to be compared with that great artistic and satiric creation. There is little to choose between their literary charms. Grimaldi's song about hot codlins is no more foolish than Arlecchino's:

"Je me suis insomniao ce matin,
Qu'un fâchin d'Importanza
Me tiroit par la panza,
Et mi disoit, Monsieur Arlequin,
Habebis medagliam et colonam."

We hear wonderful stories of Grimaldi's acting, but none quite so wonderful as that of the famous Scaramuccia at Rome, who, so Gherardi says, kept a distinguished audience laughing for fifteen minutes merely by dumb show. Where the Italians seem to have an immense advantage is as an art spectacle; they were not only funny and grotesque, but their costumes, attitudes, masks, groupings were beautiful. The comparison is perhaps not quite fair. We see Grimaldi in a rough print, Dan Leno and Charlie Chaplin in a photograph; the Italians were interpreted by Callot, by Watteau, by Lancret, and other artists of varying abilities. We cannot know whether we are admiring *Il Capitano* or Callot. Hardly enough exists to make a comparison possible. The Arlecchino of Signor Gandusio (in Goldoni's comedies) is a magnificent performance—the ludicrous conventionalized into an art spectacle; but one's pleasure may be literary and antiquarian, and, in any case, Goldoni is not the *Commedia dell'Arte*. The Scarpetta players are not really any better than the English clowns.

There are two points in Mr. Disher's book with which I find myself in disagreement; one is his mistrust of *décors* and the other the assertion at the head of his first essay: "Satisfy people's desire for the ridiculous and they will accept your idea of the sublime." The first appears to me to be an example of Mr. Disher's jealousy of all the com-

ponents of a dramatic performance except the actor; the second to be false.

What is really so attractive in Mr. Gordon Craig is that dream of his of reviving the splendour, beauty, magnificence, fantasy, and taste of Renaissance pageantry. When Mr. Craig shows us an old print of the Piazza Navona turned into one immense decorative spectacle; when we see a Renaissance burlesque scene which is as gorgeous as Veronese's "*Marriage in Cana*"; when we look at Palladio's theatre at Vicenza; why, then we see that the spectacle, and pageants of modern England fail to please us because they are lifeless, vulgar, unimaginative, middle-class. If the immensely rich modern cities had a fraction of the Renaissance passion for beautiful pageantry, they could easily produce magnificent spectacles. And why not? Must the stage for ever be limited to the display of actors' personalities? The Russian ballets have shown us that interesting *décors* can still be seen on the modern stage. I see no reason why we should return to the imbecilities of David Belasco realism or to the less objectionable back curtain and "*A Forest*" written on a card. But it is first necessary to have some collective enthusiasm for art.

Mr. Disher's assertion about the sublime and the ridiculous sounds very well, especially as it has a vaguely paradoxical sound of truth. But it is surely contrary to what actually happens? Surely the tragedy comes first, the hero before the parody of the hero, Euripides before Aristophanes, the misery of Lear before the irony of the Fool, the exalted emotion before the release of laughter? The French theatre shows that tragedy and comedy can be kept severely separate and still attract all Europe for more than a century. Mr. Disher talks of the Middle Ages. But the Mass came long before the parody of the Mass; the mystery play only gradually allowed an element of jest and horse-play to creep in; even the miracle plays do not begin with farce, but insert farce as a kind of interlude in the centre of the miracle proper, whence it eventually breaks away and begins a separate life of its own. I should say that the history of the drama shows that, unless you have great tragedy first, you cannot have great comedy. Acting may begin in a cart, but drama comes from religion.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THE TRAGIC CHARACTER

The Hero: A Theory of Tragedy. By ALBERT BEAUMONT. (Routledge, 4s. 6d.)

MR. BEAUMONT has made an original and arresting contribution to the theory of tragedy. He has earned the gratitude of those who are interested in the subject by stating his case in naked, uncompromising terms, so that he affords a clear target to those who disagree, and an exactly defined position for those who may go some of the way with him, but not all. He is a philosopher, but he is not of those for whom philosophy is divorced from life, or a theory of literature from literature. For many persons æsthetic theory is a barren pursuit. But there are certain quintessential points in the theory upon which any person interested in the arts must at times fall back; and it is with such a point that Mr. Beaumont is concerned. Is this "hero" a fit subject for tragedy? What makes his character tragic? Is there anything in common between *Œdipus*, *Medea*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Hedda Gabler*? For those who ask questions such as these Mr. Beaumont is ready with an answer unflinching and precise.

In his view there is "a definite element" in character, without which character "will never express itself in tragic behaviour under any circumstances." There exists a tragic type whose elements can be defined. It is clear that he diverges from the Aristotelian view that the "plot is the first thing." With him it is character first, second, and last—a certain character is predestined by its nature for tragedy, and weaves its own inevitable plot ending in its own deserved disaster. We find it in real life as in literature. "Of two men, ruined in a business crisis, one will fall into neurosis or perversion or even go mad and kill himself. The other will proceed with calm to the reconstruction of his shattered fortunes." It is the first, not the second, who satisfies the author's requirements in a tragic character.

The hero, then, so far from being unusually powerful, or noble, or "heroic," is a definitely "inferior" person, and he is always partly conscious of his inferiority. "In your heart of hearts you did not feel quite secure—quite confident of yourself," says Lövborg in "Hedda Gabler." Mr. Beaumont's hero is one who does not feel "secure," and is motivated by a desire for "security." His self-mistrust, his submissiveness, his timidity—inferior traits—are the primary elements in his character, provoking secondary, overlying traits which tend to hide the former from consciousness, assuring him in spite of himself of a certain "superiority" which he does not really possess. This self-fostered illusion makes him arrogant, bold, cruel, and quick to disparage others. Hence the "nervous instability" of Hamlet, his self-contradictions, his bravado.

Without for the moment entering into the question as to how far Mr. Beaumont's special, intensified study, first of "Hamlet," secondly of Lövborg and Hedda in "Hedda Gabler," may have predisposed him to this extreme view, we may mark the fact that there is no hedging about it. Hamlet as a tragic type is definitely inferior to the Claudius whom he is opposed to. Hamlet himself apperceives the king as "in many respects superior, more capable, and more masculine than himself." The hero in whom tragedy luxuriates belongs in certain respects to a lower rather than a higher type of humanity—he is even the victim of "an organic or glandular defect." The hero, indeed, is only to be distinguished from the villain himself because his sense of inferiority is not quite so obvious to the spectator. Here we have a position as clearly stated as Nordau's thesis of the "insanity of genius."

Now Mr. Beaumont has reserved to another volume his account of how tragedy acts upon the mind of the spectator. Not until he has given us this part of his argument are we in a position to appreciate the justification of his case—to know what inner necessity of the drama, in his view, demands the presentation of the character described. Evidently he starts, where we may all start, with the Aristotelian view that the tragic hero must be one whose misfortune is brought about by some error or frailty in his character (*ἀμαρτία*). This fault must be there, for otherwise, as Aristotle says, we are merely shocked by the spectacle of his adversity. He is confronted with circumstances which are hard for him. But if the disaster is in no way due to his own error, if we see only implacable fate dogging the steps of the brave man and thwarting him, our minds are filled with an overwhelming sense of injustice. There is no real conflict, such as the spectator desires. There is no suspense. If it did not lie in his own will to determine the end, his case is foredoomed from the start. There is no tragic knot. It is precisely this defect which spoils so much of the work of Thomas Hardy—in whom, again and again, we see men like Jude struggling hopelessly against an apparently malevolent deity.

Tragedy will not stand the shock of such cruel pessimism. The hero must have been at fault before the spectacle of his being driven hither and thither, as Lear or Hamlet is driven, becomes tolerable, pitiable, and tragic. But are we to go further than that, and say with Mr. Beaumont that he is positively an "inferior" creature? His thesis gains more support than it need have done by the fact that he concentrates attention on characters such as Hamlet and Hedda Gabler, whom it is more than usually easy to regard as unhealthy or neurotic. But even in Hamlet's case, is it fair to contrast the "inferiority" of Hamlet with the "superiority" of Claudius? The latter, it is true, is more efficient in the practical management of the routine of life. But Hamlet is, what his uncle is not, an extraordinarily intelligent and even philosophic man, highly appreciative of the arts, keenly percipient of the finer points in human nature, and gifted with a sense of humour in regard to everything but himself. The tragedy of Hamlet is that he suffers from the defects of his own fineness—he is overstrung, in crisis he verges on hysteria, and for "practical" purposes he is hopelessly out-matched by the practical person.

The attempt of the tragic hero to prove himself superior, which Mr. Beaumont so much disparages, may be represented in another way. It may be expressed as the setting before himself of an ideal which is too hard for him to realize. Is it not admittedly a principal tragedy of life that so few ever realize their ideals? But the possession of an ideal, even if unattainable by the possessor, is not a mark of inferiority or arrogance. Do we not rather take it as a sign of

the image of God in which man is made? Has the figure of Prometheus no place in tragedy? No weakness, or infirmity, or neurosis there. He, too, has aimed higher than he can reach. His is the superb example of an arrogance, surpassing that of Milton's Satan, which challenges Zeus unflinchingly, and calls forth not only pity and fear, but our emotional applause, because he impersonates the audacious struggle of what is best in the human race against the brute power of the universe. His fault is that he over-estimates his strength. In that respect Christ is not a tragic figure, as he would have been had he over-calculated his deity, and failed.

Mr. Beaumont, we think, has gone too far. But we should be none the less grateful to him. It clarifies the position to find a case thus driven to its logical and disturbing extreme. He has set it forth with philosophical exactness and a keen relish for the savour of his theme.

CZECH FICTION

Selected Czech Tales. Translated by MARIE BUSCH and OTTO PICK. (Oxford University Press. 2s.)

THIS selection of Czech short stories is practically the same as one which Herr Otto Pick himself brought out several years ago in German. It is accordingly not quite up to date; and of the younger Czech writers of international reputation a notable name is omitted, that of Franz Sramek, one at least of whose stories Mr. Paul Selver has translated into English, while a volume of them has appeared in German. These objections to this selection, which I can only make from a knowledge of a few German translations, seem to be valid on general literary grounds, but practically they do not count perhaps very seriously, for we must feel grateful for a definite introduction, on however tiny a scale, to a literature so fascinating as the modern Czech. It is a literature through which one feels a very plastic race speaking. There are stories in this volume in which the Slav, the Germanic, and the Latin temper appear in turn; yet the result is not an eclecticism, but something new, charming, and perfectly original. The reminiscences of all kinds of literature which one finds are no doubt explicable in great part by the unhappy historical fate of the Czech people, the destruction of their culture, the imposed neglect of their language for more than two hundred years, the resulting fact that their writers had practically no native literature to serve as a model, and had to fall back on the literatures of other countries. This effect of reminiscence is no doubt due also, as in Austrian literature, to a mixture of races on a grand scale. The most distinctive qualities in these stories, as in Viennese literature, are grace, plasticity, and above all a width of human understanding which comes perhaps of a mingling of opposed racial characteristics in a single people.

The earlier Czech stories presented here have an almost German idyllic quality; they are simple and sentimental, but they show an inborn delicacy of feeling which is rarely found in our sentimental literature. This quality is shown at its best in the story "Childless," by Ignát Herrmann, which has an overflowing tenderness, and at the same time a great resource and inventiveness of understanding. It is perfectly simple, as things of that kind should be, yet it is adequate to a theme which presents many difficulties. The two stories in which Karel and Josef Capek collaborate have the same adequate simplicity, and a greater economy of plan and clearness of outline. The second of these, a short philosophical tale, is almost perfect. It is not unlike some of Anatole France's ironic fables, but, if it has less wit, it has greater depth of implication. It is on the whole the most striking story in the book. "The Death of Count Christopher des Loges," by F. X. Salda, is in the tradition of our nineties and is very hard to judge. A half-fantastic, half-decorative story which depends for success on virtuosity of style, it must lose most of its effect in translation. "The Naughty Child," by Otakar Theer, is far below the level of the other stories presented, being shallow, ironical only in a melodramatic way, and throughout in bad taste. "A Shot," by Ruzena Svobodova, with which the anthology ends, is hardly as effective as it might have been. It is ingenious rather than profound; yet it never lapses

into sketchiness or vulgarity, is neither sham-profound nor mock-impressive, and is saved by the spiritual grace which is the most striking quality in these stories, from the best to the worst.

This spiritual grace—I can think of no other term—is the thing which strikes one most in this volume; the second thing is the natural aptitude for telling a story in the best way, the natural sense, too, for form, congruity, effective limitation, which all these writers seem to possess. None of the stories except Theer's contains a theory, or speculations about life; they have all a natural objectivity for which nothing exists but the experiences they portray without comment and without frigidity. The story is always perfectly congruous and intensely interesting as a story, yet it is never idle; the criticism of life is serious and adequate. The anthology as it stands is delightful. We hope Herr Pick and Miss Busch will give us soon the larger one which is hinted at in the preface. The translation, if not brilliant, is adequate.

EDWIN MUIR.

EARLY CIVILIZATIONS

The Dawn of European Civilization. By V. GORDON CHILDE.
(Kegan Paul. 16s.)

MR. GORDON CHILDE has done a great service to learning. He has given a clear and reliable outline of the story of the earliest civilization of Europe. He is well equipped for the task, for not only has he studied the contents of many Continental museums, but he has command of an impressive array of European languages. His book "fills a gap" indeed. It contains errors, both in fact and interpretation, but these do not weigh in the scale against its great value as a convenient guide to the subject as a whole.

Mr. Childe's book is particularly valuable on account of its wide scope. In these days of intense specialization in a small part of the field of study, there is a danger of isolation and the neglect of that wider vision which it is the ultimate aim of learning to achieve. It is imperative that those students who are fitted for the task should assemble and compare the results gained by isolated workers in different parts of the field, and explain the meaning of these results to the world. Mr. Childe has undertaken this task, and has succeeded admirably; for his discussion of the various movements of thought reveals a well-balanced and judicial mind. The reader can be certain that nothing he will read will call forth violent protests from outraged students of European prehistory, to whatever school of thought they may belong.

This work deals with the different regions into which the Europe of early days may be divided, beginning with the cultures intervening between the Old Stone Age and the coming of agriculture. Mr. Childe concludes that these cultures "do not in any sense constitute points of transition from the palæolithic to the neolithic culture" (p. 20), but that the beginnings of civilization came from the south-east. He then discusses Crete and its relations to the Ancient East, this study being followed by that of the Ægean and Greece. Then the scene shifts westwards, by way of Sicily, South Italy, and Sardinia, to Iberia; and the important problems of megalithic monuments and their distribution are discussed, the same topics being again treated at the end of the book with special reference to Britain. Then Mr. Childe gives an account of the archaeology of eastern Europe, which illuminates that region for all those who are unable to read Polish, Czech, Magyar, Russian, and the other tongues which are so familiar to him. In the course of his exposition he stresses the great importance of the Danubian civilization, his account of its westward movement being particularly impressive.

The aim of archaeology is to throw light on the mode of life of our forerunners, so that we may the better learn to model our own civilization. Archaeologists, therefore, though largely immersed in the technical details of their study, in the "pots and pans," must ultimately translate their results into non-technical language. In this book of Mr. Childe the process of elaboration of a simple story is advanced one stage further. He shows that Europe owed its first civilization to influences from the Ancient East (see pp. 24, 42, 134, 176). He also pleads the cause of Europe, for he claims that

its peoples had, by the sixteenth century B.C., built up their own civilization and acquired "those very qualities of energy, independence, and inventiveness which distinguish the western world from Egypt, India or China" (p. xiv.). But he would, I think, find it hard to maintain this thesis, except to a limited degree. Indeed, he does seem to limit himself, for he asserts that certain Mycenaean swords "vindicate conclusively the supremacy of West over East, both in technical skill and originality, for nothing to compare with them was ever known in Mesopotamia or Egypt. European civilization is henceforth armed to defend its independence" (p. 36). This quotation suggests that Mr. Childe adopts a restricted definition of "technical skill" and "originality," for the West certainly was dependent in culture on the East during many centuries after the sixteenth century B.C. Only in fighting capacity does the advantage usually seem to have been with the Continental barbarians, which is only "supremacy" in a limited sense.

Signs appear in the book of an appreciation of the real nature of the process of development of civilization in outlying parts of the world, as Europe certainly was once to the civilized folk of the Ancient East. Mr. Childe describes the first food-producing communities as peaceful (pp. 45, 66, 172, 183, 218), and gives accounts of the arrival in various places of warlike peoples which, if elaborated, would be a valuable contribution to the history of warfare (pp. 183, 187, 209, 240). He is also aware of the problem of determining the motives for the early occupation of Europe, but tends to follow those who speak of "trade" and ignore the question of the location of early settlements. He also associates the early warrior peoples with "rich" regions—"the trading centre of the Middle Volga, the amber of Scandinavia, the salt of the Saar Valley, and the gold of Transylvania" (pp. 239-40). I wish Mr. Childe would elaborate this theme, for it is of the first importance in the study of civilization. The study of "rich" regions provides the solution of many problems in the behaviour of human societies, including our own.

W. J. PERRY.

WILDEST WALES

The Mountains of Snowdonia. Edited and Compiled by
H. R. C. CARR, F.R.G.S. and G. A. LISTER, B.Sc. (Lane.
25s.)

IF booksellers used the jargon of drapers or hosiers, they might introduce this volume to possible customers as "an attractive new line" in topography. The editors, of whom Mr. Carr has just unfortunately been involved in a serious accident on Snowdon, have certainly hit upon an original idea, and have been generously supported by their publishers. Here we have a book on the Snowdonian region of North Wales, lying between Anglesey and the northern end of Cardigan Bay, which runs to four hundred closely printed pages, and which, in a number of self-contained chapters, each written by an expert in his own department, deals with that tract of country, known to the ancients as Eryri, "the abode of eagles," from almost every conceivable point of view. Its history, legends, and literature; its geography, geology, and meteorology; its fauna and flora, and—alas for the sentimental tourist!—its considerable and growing industrial activities: all these are described not cursorily, in the manner of the popular "Outlines," but in the spirit of sober and responsible scholarship. There are, moreover, sections devoted to sport—some of them, like Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young's "Impression of Pen-y-Pass," dealing with it in a literary vein, and others offering practical hints for mountaineers, campers, and anglers.

Well furnished with bibliographies, statistics, and appendices, and illustrated not only with many beautiful photographs, but with plans and maps, modern and ancient, the book is an encyclopædia rather than a "guide"; and, as such, it deserves unstinted praise. Where many pens are laid under contribution, a book is apt to be very uneven in quality, and it is common for some of the writers to waste much of the space that is at their disposal in lamenting that it is inadequate for a proper treatment of their respective subjects. The contributors to the present volume, however, are guilty of no such futilities. Each of them goes straight

to the heart of his matter and compresses much information, in a very readable style, into his allotted pages. The book is a triumph of team work.

Nevertheless, the question that strikes the reviewer on first taking up the volume remains with him after he has read conscientiously through the major portion of it—namely, for what class of reader is it mainly designed? Who, after all, wants an encyclopedia of Snowdonia? It may be a matter for regret that the average man is one-sided—that he tends to be a mere sportsman, a mere scholar, or a mere business man. But life is short, and normal capacity, physical and intellectual, is limited. If you are thrilled by Welsh poetry, about which Mr. L. J. Roberts writes so sensitively, the chances are that you will not greatly care how many tons of limestone were quarried in Carnarvonshire in 1923; nor, probably, will you rejoice with Mr. R. D. Richards that, in view of the harnessing of the mountain rivers for the generation of electric power, “the industrial future of Snowdonia is undoubtedly a promising one.” If, again, you are a keen mountaineer, intent on tracking the now rare buzzard to his home on some dizzy eyrie, you may trouble little about the origins of place-names; while if you are among those who, like the seventeenth-century John Taylor, have “no mind t’aspire” and “no stomach to tread upon” the “lofty tops,” Mr. Carr’s advice on climbing will be lost upon you.

It is quite possible, of course, that books like this, if only they could be published at a popular price, might themselves do something to widen the interests of the ordinary reader. The angler, spending five shillings for hints about his favourite sport, might be inveigled into other branches of study, if they were available within the same covers, and might find them less dull than he had suspected, just as the present reviewer, who would not voluntarily take up a treatise on the geology of North Wales, has found himself unexpectedly fascinated by Dr. Edward Greenly’s chapter on the subject. This process of mind-broadening is, however, rendered difficult by the high cost of encyclopedias, which are necessarily relegated, for the most part, to the shelves of public libraries. There, at any rate, “The Mountains of Snowdonia” should have its place, as a standard work, for many years to come.

CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM

Capitalist Enterprise and Social Progress. By MAURICE DOBB. (Routledge, 12s. 6d.)

THE pedigree of this book might be described as “By Marshall out of Marx.” It is, in fact, an ambitious attempt to combine the pure doctrines of modern “marginalist” economics with quasi-Communist conceptions of the origin and nature of capitalistic society. I do not think the fusion is quite complete in the author’s mind—sometimes he seems to be two persons arguing with each other rather than one person convincing the reader—but that is not surprising considering the extreme difficulty and high importance of his theme. The book is a little diffuse, and a little over-ornate: but it is packed with hard and suggestive thought, and instinct with an inspiring freshness of outlook and an unflinching candour of mind.

The author’s main concern is with that mysterious figure the *entrepreneur* or “business undertaker”; and his main contention seems to be that, while the apparatus of economic analysis can be rightly used to explain the magnitude of his reward *under existing conditions*, these conditions are themselves the product not of “natural forces,” but of the institutions of a class society. Accordingly, in his first or theoretical part Mr. Dobb gives a careful analysis of the function of “enterprising,” the essence of which he finds partly in the rigid application of the principle of economic measurement of results against costs, and partly in the organization of economic change; and an equally careful analysis of the forces determining the level of profits. He is, I think, entirely successful in establishing his contention that business profits contain a considerable element of the gains of “advantage” or (if we like, as Mr. Dobb does, so to use the word) “monopoly,” due to the limitation of supply

of the necessary combination of productive factors—a limitation partly “natural,” but partly founded in our legal and social institutions.

In the second part of his book Mr. Dobb re-writes the familiar story of English economic history with special emphasis on the rise and fall of economic classes and their struggles for “business advantage” and monopoly power; and a very readable tale it makes. But I do not feel sure that I have mastered aright the lesson which is supposed to be conveyed. For if it is true that economic forces are the product of class institutions, it is surely equally true (and better Marxism?) that class institutions are the product of economic forces. The phases of “classless individualism”—in the early English towns and in the Stannaries of Cornwall—on which Mr. Dobb lays interesting stress, appear as minute oases in a vast desert of secular struggle and inequality. The lesson of history—if it has one—seems to be not so much that those who possess legal and social privilege will be economically strong, as that those who are economically strong will acquire legal and social privilege. I find myself wondering whether Mr. Dobb, the historian, does not sometimes let Mr. Dobb, the social enthusiast, relapse into the belief that one continuous and immortal body called “the rich” has throughout history oppressed another continuous and immortal body called “the poor”: and I learn with something like a gasp that the modern Labour movement is “the apotheosis of the opposition to monopoly.”

In his final chapters Mr. Dobb has something of interest to say on the trade cycle, which I am glad to find he is unwilling to attribute to purely monetary causes. He has produced a strong and stimulating book, which should lay the foundations of an academic reputation, and which could be read with equal profit by those woolly-headed reformers who neglect altogether the principles of economic measurement and of what Mr. Dobb calls “entrepreneur adjustment,” and by those well-meaning correspondents of the *Times* who desire to impart instruction in “the principles of political economy,” i.e., in the blessings of capitalist enterprise, to every elementary-school child.

D. H. ROBERTSON.

MORE MOLÉ

Le Comte Molé (1781-1855): sa Vie: ses Mémoires. Edited by the MARQUIS DE NOAILLES. Tome IV. (Paris: Champion, 25fr.)

THIS is the fourth volume of Count Molé’s intriguing memoirs, of which the first three volumes, either in French or English, have already been noticed in this journal. It is the last unadulterated volume, as in the middle, on the fall of the Richelieu Ministry, in which Molé was Minister of Marine, the memoirs written by himself finish. Afterwards we must content ourselves with his story as recounted by M. de Noailles with the assistance of Molé’s papers and correspondence. This second part cannot be as engaging as the first, as we inevitably miss the feline touch, which invariably characterizes the pen of Molé.

The first half of Volume IV. is almost entirely taken up with the intrigues that marked the last months of the first Richelieu Ministry. Molé pictures himself as disgusted by the sordid manoeuvres of his colleagues, but it is obvious that in truth he was never happy except when lobbying all day long. Despite his affected, perhaps even sincere, longings for the liberty of private life, and leisure to be devoted to the education of his daughters, he could not help feeling out of it if he did not meet twenty members of Parliament at lunch, and fifty peers at dinner, to say nothing of private interviews in between meals. When at last he did retire, far from playing the vaunted rôle of Cincinnatus, he spent his whole time clamouring for *cordons bleus* and Embassies. He was a serious and sensible politician, and everybody always wanted his support, but to us his chief interest is his unflagging curiosity about people and his wonderful gift of pen portraits.

Here, for instance, is his account of an interview with two representatives of the Right, into which he was led by a mixture of inquisitiveness, meddlesomeness, and sense of duty. The persons in question were a gay bishop left over



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from the eighteenth century and M. de Villèle, the parvenu champion of moderate reaction:—

"L'évêque de Pamiers . . . avait été beau galant même, un peu libertin, et on retrouvait sur sa figure, comme dans ses manières, le souvenir de ses bonnes fortunes et de son existence à la cour. . . . Ce bel évêque, vieux débris de la corruption d'un temps qui ne pouvait revenir, et ce plébéien royaliste, enfant lui-même d'une révolution, dont il combattit les principes, formaient un des contrastes les plus instructifs et les plus piquants. Le premier, beau, lustré, poudré, solennel, flatteur, mais creux, ignorant, borné, yeux bandés de préjugés et le cœur endurci de personnalité. L'autre d'une laideur ignoble, qui s'augmentait par sa gaucherie et sa négligence, uni dans ses manières, libre d'esprit et de langage, au fond contenu et rusé sous l'apparence d'un facile abandon, se moquant de l'évêque et de tous ses pareils, qui s'humiliaient devant son génie et attendaient de lui le triomphe de leurs plus chers intérêts."

Really Flaubert could hardly do it better.

Many people will find Molé too much of a Vicar of Bray to be inspiring, but what he chooses to call his "profession de foi" should be a perfect handbook to politicians in troublous times.

"Loin donc que je m'excuse d'avoir servi plusieurs gouvernements ou plutôt d'avoir exercé sous plusieurs gouvernements des fonctions publiques, je m'en vante, et je soutiens que le concours est dû comme l'obéissance avec cette différence, que l'obéissance est obligée envers tout gouvernement existant, tandis que le concours n'est honorable ou permis que si l'on partage les principes sur lesquels le gouvernement repose et d'après lesquels il se dirige."

Then follows a long passage explaining how he came to share the principles of nearly every succeeding government. Yet the most charming feature of Molé's character is the impression which he gives of being a thoroughly serious and honest man. Such are the paradoxes of the human mind!

Even in their diluted form we look forward to Volume V. of Count Molé's memoirs. They represent a type and sum up a period.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Youth Rides West. By WILL IRWIN. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

The "Roaring 'Seventies," gold-fever, claim-jumping, card-sharping, shots in saloons, sheriffs, highwaymen—all the "dreadfulness" into which young folk convert magical dime or penny—are here put to a fine, serious use, worthy of shillings, for Mr. Irwin is interested in human motives, and his most violent episodes have something of character behind them. The trek westward to the Rockies of the Eastern tenderfoot, Robert Gilson, and that seasoned son of misfortune, Buck Hayden, is slow, difficult, adventurous, but they are two units of an endless procession, and the movement of peoples has fascination. Gilson quickly abandons his mining claim, adapts his college-trained intellect to the exigencies of a febrile newspaper, edited, reported, and set in type by the amazing Marcus Hardy, and is swept into the furious politics, scandals, and dissension of the mushroom town of Cottonwood. Gold changes to silver carbonate. The town struggles through corruption and secret societies into a more orderly shape. But Gilson falls in love with the pretty Mrs. Deane, a very good young woman married to a very bad man indeed, and Mr. Irwin abandons his firm hold on Cottonwood for the more pressing needs of ordinary romance.

The Garden of Healing. By MARGUERITE WILLIAMS. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

"A charming novel with a Sussex setting," is a phrase that hardly requires expansion. That discovered shire has produced excellent poetry; the after-crop of fiction has a common quality of charm. In this story of "almost perfect married love," the sweetness of scenery and that of almost ideal humanity are combined. The reader, according to his or her disposition, will find that alliance elevating or cloying. Wyn, crippled for life by an accident, leads an intensely spiritual life with Donald, her husband, a man of noble character and a faith-healer. From their cottage on the Downs, where Una, a friend, lives with them, they seem to radiate spiritual happiness, and in their sunlit garden of flowers there is healing and peace. Wyn perceives the spiritual struggle of her husband against his own passionate nature, and when, succumbing to momentary temptation, he kisses Una, who cannot resist her love for him, his wife, in silence, understands and helps the suffering pair to regain the clear heights of the soul. The inner struggle of these good people is too faint to hold our interest, and the spiritual

message of the book is marred by that easy emotionalism which is peculiar to fiction.

Ducdame. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

In this first novel one can watch, for its own sake, a powerful talent sincerely at work, misdirected, confused, yet interesting. The style, rich, involved, precise in image, sinks at times into depths of badness. Predominant idea, emotion, and violent solution are at variance, but the total effect, if unsatisfactory, is at least individual. Rook, the elder son of the Ashover family, has taken as mistress Nettie Page, who cannot bear a child, and for an unexplained reason has brought her to the ancestral home. His mother and his cousin Lady Ann conspire against her, in order that the race of Ashovers may not perish, for Rook's brother is an incurable invalid. Rook, tortured by his own melancholia, and influenced by several women, yields to his strong-willed cousin, marries her, but, on discovering her treachery towards his former mistress, is plunged into deeper thickets of emotion. The local vicar, suffering from insane delusions, directs his mind—for he is addicted to black magic—against the Ashover succession. The philosophic quandaries of Rook and the unconvincing ravings of the vicar deepen the gloom of the story, which is not dissipated by the violent death of its hero. But grim irony and pressure of thought retain our attention.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The English Country Gentleman. By NEVILLE LYTTON. (Hurst & Blackett. 18s.)

A book describing the English Country Gentleman in a more or less scientific manner would be interesting. But all Mr. Neville Lytton does in a book with highly misleading title and chapter-headings is to give a carelessly written account of his own experiences and opinions. His opinions are usually liberal and often sensible, his experiences occasionally interesting. But he neither recollects with discrimination nor writes with distinction. He has apparently omitted to read his proofs, so numerous are the misprints, but even so, many inaccuracies must be laid at his door rather than at the printer's. A champion tennis-player and a first-rate Alpine sportsman, Mr. Lytton is by profession a painter, and the book is haphazardly illustrated with photographs of pictures by the author, by Kneller, and by a modern artist of remarkable talent, Eugene McCown. The remarks upon art which it contains are, however, quite unenlightening. The best chapter is the one describing Mr. Lytton's father-in-law, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. And we like the story of the elderly peeress who, when ill, always sent for the "vet," on the ground that what was good enough for her horses was good enough for herself. It is, indeed, almost the only passage in the book that justifies its title.

Epitaphs: Graveyard Humour and Eulogy. Compiled by W. H. BEABLE. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

Nowhere is the strangeness of the human mind shown more clearly than in the extraordinary things that people have been moved to inscribe upon tombstones. Mr. Beable has made a very good selection, and he gives us hope of a second instalment. We do not quite understand the arrangement in three sections, Ancient, Curious, and Miscellaneous Epitaphs, for most of the curious are ancient and most of the ancient curious. We wish that he had included that most curious of all epitaphs which Charles Mathews (see Vol. II. of his "Memoirs") says that he copied "literatim et verbatim" from Pankridge churchyard:—

"Here lies a virgin pure,
Eat up with grief and fleas,
Unto a place of rest,
For her relief."

Co-operation at Home and Abroad. By C. R. FAY. Third Edition. (King. 15s.)

It is five years since the second edition of Professor Fay's well-known book appeared. The book is such an excellent one that it is a pity that it has not been subjected to a complete revision. It was originally written in 1908, and when the second edition was printed, Professor Fay left his original text practically as it was and added a Supplement dealing with the progress of co-operation in the United Kingdom from 1908 to 1918. In this third edition he has once more left the main 1908 text and the 1918 Supplement unaltered, and added a second Supplement dealing with Agricultural Co-operation in the Canadian West. The new Supplements are very valuable, but some of the original text is absurdly out of date, particularly of course in the matter of statistics.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

SECURITIES' INDEX NUMBERS—NEW YORK COMPARISON—MONETARY OUTLOOK.

THE securities' index of the "Investors' Chronicle" shows a rise in the index number for all stocks of 2.8 to 114.4 during August. Of the main groups of securities, "gilt-edged" rose by .6 to 100.9, "first-class" business (railways, banks, insurance companies, and industrial debentures) by 1.4 to 105, "other" business by 4.9 to 115.4, and the speculative group by 2.1 to 127.1. It may suffice to say that this follows the reduction in the Bank rate from 5 per cent. to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on August 6th. Bank rate accounts for the improvement in the gilt-edged group, and possibly for that in the "first-class" business group, where the recovery in bank and insurance shares made up for the further decline in home rails. The confidence created (falsely it may be) by this temporary improvement in the monetary situation led to such demand for industrial shares as accounted for a rise in the index numbers for coal shares (3.1 points), iron and steel (2 points), and shipping (6.5 points). But the biggest rise was in silk shares (11.1 points) and in "miscellaneous" industrials (12.9 points), the former because of the gambling in Courtaulds, whose index of 223.7 is a new high record, the latter because of the gambling in Dunlops and the demand for some motor shares and British Aluminium. The brewery index, again higher, establishes a new record at 147.1, which is nearly double the index in 1921. Among the speculative group it is interesting to find that the index for rubber, after a rise during the month of 8.9 to 176.5, is still below the high level of 210.1 recorded at the end of 1919. The lowest mark for rubber was 85.9 in the slump of 1921. Tea, on the other hand, still reacts. Oil is down by 3.2 points to 115.7, and in our opinion may go lower. Gold and tin show appreciation, while the index for land shares is up by 7.4, largely because of the speculation in "Chartered," which may well have been overdone.

In passing let us compare this record of securities in London with the level of securities in New York. The general level of industrial stocks quoted on the New York Stock Exchange is the highest that has ever been reached, and that for railways, though below the highest mark, is still well above recent prices. The following table has been prepared by a firm of New York stock-brokers to show the aggregate market value of twenty representative industrial and railway stocks now and in 1919 and 1912, their aggregate earnings and the ratio of earnings to market value.

| | Railways. | | | Industrials. | | |
|---|-----------|---------|---------|--------------|---------|---------|
| | 1925. | 1919. | 1912. | 1925. | 1919. | 1912. |
| 000,000 omitted. | | | | | | |
| Aggregate market value | \$3,785 | \$3,052 | \$4,576 | \$5,199 | \$2,383 | \$1,304 |
| Aggregate earnings applicable to common stock | 346 | 129 | 237 | 399* | 261 | 95 |
| Ratio of earnings to market value | 9.1% | 4.2% | 5.2% | 7.7% | 10.9% | 7.3% |

This table suffers in the case of industrials from the application of 1924 earnings to present-day prices, which no doubt discount the increase in earnings already shown by many industrial companies this year. The position of New York does not appear to be unsound.

Whether the improvement in securities recorded in August will continue this month depends largely upon the monetary outlook. The fear of a rise in Bank rate

will check business, and an actual rise will cause a reaction. Since the reduction in Bank rate £3,125,000 gold has been exported, leaving the net influx since the return to gold £5,536,000. The recent adverse movement in the dollar exchange is already attributed to the withdrawal of American balances temporarily invested in the London money market. Since about four months ago there has been a drop of nearly 1 per cent. in the rates obtainable in London and a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the rates obtainable for "call" money in New York. If there is to be the usual "fall" expansion in business in America, a further hardening of money rates in New York will occur. We might contemplate this withdrawal of American balances with considerable complacency, we might bear the seasonal pressure on the dollar exchange (the December instalment of the American debt is already provided for), but we have Mr. Churchill's declaration depressing the stock markets that, if the exchange suffered, we should employ the usual methods of protection, which implied a rise in Bank rate, before drawing upon the American credits arranged with the Federal Reserve Bank and Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. The outlook for the stock markets is therefore very uncertain, merely from the monetary point of view. Moreover, the industrial situation at home will become the more disquieting as the cost of the coal subsidy mounts up and the "May Day" shock comes nearer.

A reader of this page has questioned our statement in the issue of August 29th, that holders of Shell Union 6 per cent. Preferred Stock standing at about 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ can count upon an average capital appreciation of about 1 per cent. per annum. We had in mind the remarkable rate at which this stock is being cancelled by purchases in the market. It was issued in May, 1922, to the amount of \$20,000,000; on December 31st, 1924, \$17,880,400 were outstanding, and on June 30th, 1925, \$16,466,000. Thus \$1,414,400 were cancelled in six months, and if this rate were maintained there would be no stock outstanding in six years. That is why, at the price of 102 $\frac{1}{2}$, stockholders might count on an average capital appreciation of about 1 per cent. per annum. Strictly, stockholders can only "count" upon the cancellation of the amount specified in the sinking fund provision. This provision reads that, commencing on May 1st, 1924, 10 per cent. of the net income, after payment of all Preferred dividends, up to a maximum of \$800,000 is to be applied to purchases or call (at 110) of the Preferred stock. The Company can employ its surplus funds, of course, in purchasing the stock in the open market for cancellation whenever it seems good business so to do. And this is what it is doing on an extensive scale, seeing that it realized from the sale of its holdings in the Union Oil Company of California more than enough cash to redeem the whole of the Preferred stock outstanding. Incidentally, this makes it difficult to acquire this stock in any quantity.

We learn on going to press that the interim dividend on Central Provinces Manganese Ore shares is maintained, as we anticipated, at 10 per cent., free of tax. The shares have risen by about $\frac{1}{2}$ since we mentioned them on August 29th.

* Earnings in 1924.

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